

45

ZIP

COMICS

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AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE



[illegible]



For thousands! Costs little!
You build new rugged muscles... then learn how to use them! No drudgery! It is quick... easy... and actually fun!

If you are frail... weak... puny... and underdeveloped, here is just what you need! THE HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING METHOD shows you how to develop... of tough, rugged muscles... and then shows you how to use your new muscular... actual combat and body contact work. No need to be a "dancer" or a "softie" now.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!

With the HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING METHOD you start on preliminary training the very first day. In the first ten minutes you are taking a workout that starts you on the way to a rugged, handsome, powerful body. Every muscle in the body is given special attention. And it is all described with COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHS taken with high speed cameras so that you don't miss any motion.

Naturally, your arms, chest, shoulders and neck get plenty of special attention. You're got to have a powerful upper body if you want to be a first-class fighting man. This means a thick, BULL-LIKE NECK... POWERFUL BROAD SHOULDERS... DEEP MASSIVE CHEST... and HEAVILY MUSCLED ARMS. You get them all when you follow all of HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING METHODS with its quick short cuts.

Next STOMACH MUSCLES come in for their full share of development. Just a few minutes each day and you now have that flat, rippling, washboard stomach that can take all kinds of heavy punishment. Last but not least, your LEGS and full You know the developments on THIGHS and CALVES.

THE HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING METHOD gives you actual combat and body contact workouts. It shows you how to be a ROUGH AND TUMBLE FIGHTER... where but builds are barred. You get all the tricks of offense and defensive fighting. You learn how to handle yourself in modern JUO and JIU-JITSU. To round out your knowledge you also learn BONE CRUSHING WRESTLING TACTICS. And last but not least, you get full and

thorough instructions on BOXING. You know how to handle your dukes in quick easy fun.

In addition, you are supplied with full information on how to GAIN WEIGHT NOW TO BE READY FOR COMBAT and CONTACT TRICKS that make you a everything... minutes of VULNERABLE BODY SPOTS. How to use in break STRIKE HOLDS. DISARMING DEFENSES, GLI ING DIRTY BLOWS. Effective use of HA and FEET in combat. And scores of other... all completely illustrated in SLOW MOT PICTURE "SHOTS".

LIMITED OFFER—ACT NOW!

The entire HERCULES MUSCLE BUILD OUTFIT comes but \$3.95. How long it is sold at this price... we honestly don't know why take chances! Send for your outfit day. Send no money now. Just fill out the coupon below with your name and address for our post card and the complete HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING OUTFIT will be sent out by return mail. When it arrives pay the postman only \$3.95 plus postal charges. Write today!

\$3.95
 SEND
 NOW

INSTITUTE
 FOR PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT, INC.
 39 W. 60th St., Dept. D-37, New York, N. Y.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT, Inc.
 39 West 60th Street, Dept. D-37 New York, N. Y.

Please rush me the complete HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING OUTFIT by return mail. I will pay postman \$3.95 plus postal charges when package arrives.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

(If under 18 order must be signed by parent or guardian.)



STEEL STERLING

in

I COMMAND
YOU, TO **THROW**
CLANCY, YOUR
BEST FRIEND
OUT THE
WINDOW, **STEEL**
STERLING!

YES,
MASTER!

ZOMBIES

THIS ALL BEGAN, WITH CLANCY
IN HIS UNDERWEAR..



CLANCY!
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN WALKING
INTO HEADQUARTERS
THAT WAY!

HAVE YOU GONE
CRAZY?... WHY DON'T
YOU ANSWER ME? I'M
SERGEANT MULLIGAN,
REMEMBER?



I'M AFRAID
THIS MAN CAN'T
TALK./

IS HE
SLEEPWALKING?
HAS HE GOT
AMNESIA?

ACCORDING TO
MEDICAL SCIENCE, CLANCY/
HE'S DEAD, I
CAN'T UNDERSTAND
HOW HE'S
WALKING
AROUND!

POOR
CLANCY/
HE'S
DEAD
AND HE
DOESN'T
EVEN KNOW
IT!



THERE'S NOTHING MORE
I CAN DO, I'M A POLICE SURGEON,
NOT A VODOO DOCTOR, I
CAN'T BRING ZOMBIES
BACK TO LIFE!



BUT, DOC,
WHAT'LL
WE DO
WITH
HIM?

BURY HIM!
IT'S THE
DECENT
THING
TO DO!

HOW DID CLANCY GET INTO THIS TERRIBLE
PREDICAMENT? WHAT'S HAPPENED? FOR THE
ANSWER WE MUST RETURN TO A DARK NIGHT IN
THE STEAMING HAITIAN JUNGLE, REEKING OF
MYSTERY AND THE STRANGE RITES OF FORBIDDEN
MAGIC--



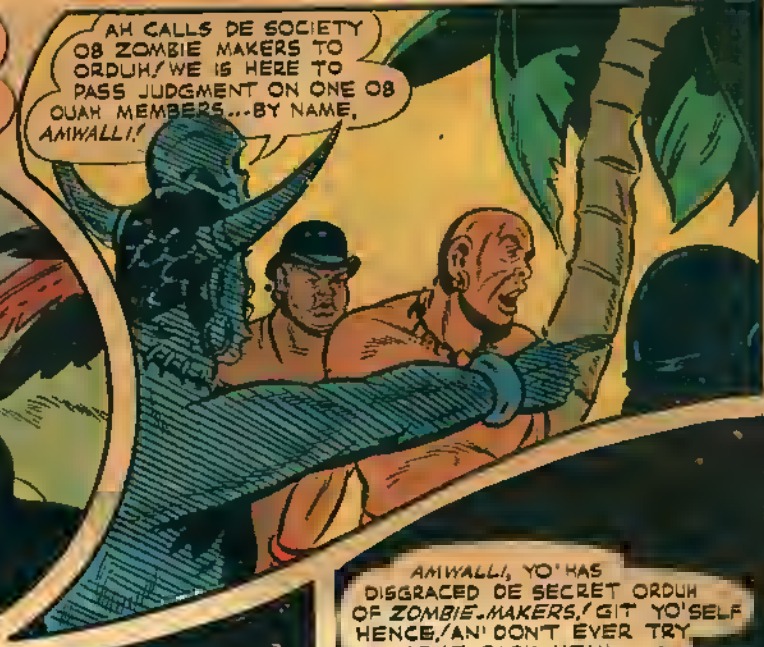
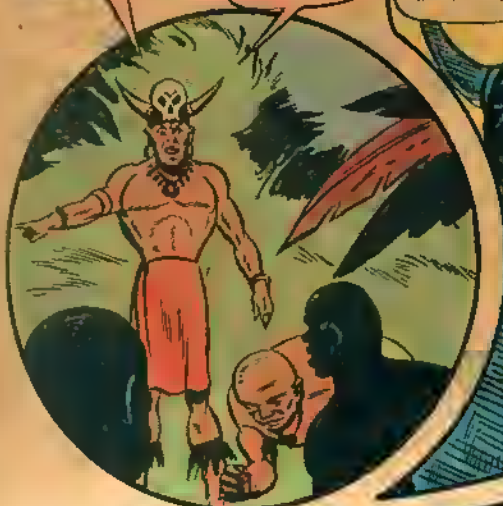
SHOOT
SEVEN!

YOU'RE
FADED!

ENOUGH OB
DIS FOOLISHNESS!
WE'S GOT WORK
TO DO!

BESIDES,
AH AIN'T
GOT NO
MORE
MONEY!

AH CALLS DE SOCIETY
OB ZOMBIE MAKERS TO
ORDUH/WE IS HERE TO
PASS JUDGMENT ON ONE OB
OUAH MEMBERS...BY NAME,
AMWALLI!



HE IS' ACCUSED OF DE
WUST CRIME IN DE WHOLE
BOOK/HE'S DONE MADE
ZOMBIES THAT DON'T
STAY DEAD!



WHUT IS
YO'
VERDICT?

GUILTY!



AMWALLI, YO' HAS
DISGRACED DE SECRET ORDUH
OF ZOMBIE-MAKERS,/GIT YO'SELF
HENCE,/AN' DON'T EVER TRY
TO COME BACK HEAH
AGAIN!

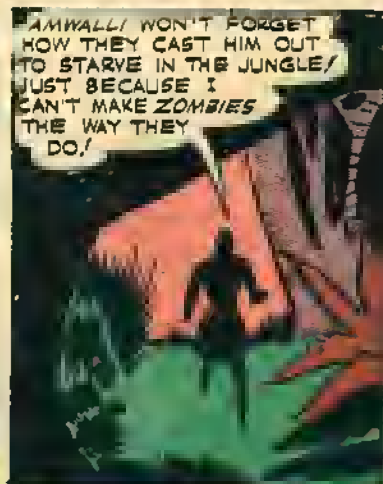


REMEMBAH WHUT WILL
HAPPEN IF YO' EVER TRIES
TO MAKE ZOMBIES AGAIN...
WIP-OUT PERMISSION FROM
DE UNION!

THEY'LL BE
SORRY FOR
THIS!



AMWALLI! WON'T FORGET
HOW THEY CAST HIM OUT
TO STARVE IN THE JUNGLE/
JUST BECAUSE I
CAN'T MAKE ZOMBIES
THE WAY THEY
DO!

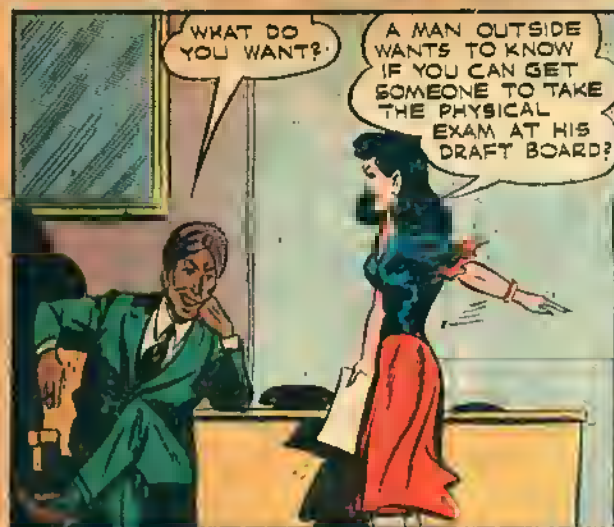


BUT I WON'T STOP
MAKING ZOMBIES/IF I CAN'T
WORK HERE IN HAITI, I'LL
GO TO A LAND WHERE THEY
BELIEVE IN FREE ENTERPRISE!
I'LL GO TO AMERICA!



LET US LOOK IN ON AMWALLI EXACTLY
ONE YEAR LATER...

SO, AMWALLI,
OUTCAST
THOUGH HE WAS,
NEVER KNEW
THE PANGS OF
POVERTY...
NO!
THIS WAS THE
TURNING POINT
IN HIS
CAREER!
AMERICA
PROVED A
SURPRISINGLY
FRUITFUL
LAND FOR A
MAKER OF
ZOMBIES



HARVEY WAS A PROFESSIONAL STRONG MAN IN CIRCUS/NOW HE IS A MOST USEFUL SERVANT...
THROW THIS MAN OUT, HARVEY!

YES, MASTER!

THE HECK YOU WILL! I'M LOCKIN' YOU BOTH UP!

I'M AFRAID HARVEY, MY ZOMBIE, HAS NO RESPECT FOR THE LAW!

LEGGO, OR I'LL SHOOT!

YOU MAY GO NOW, HARVEY!

YES, MASTER!

RASH

THIS AMWALLI IS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE! BUT I KNOW JUST THE GUY TO HANDLE HIM!

AMWALLI
EMPLOYMENT
SERVICE
DANGEROUS
JOBS OUR
SPECIALTY

SLAM

SOMETIME LATER CLANCY RETURNS, WITH STEEL STERLING...

I COULDA HANDLED THIS CASE ALONE/BUT I FIGURED YOU MIGHT WANT A LITTLE EXCITEMENT!

THERE'S THE GUY, STEEL!

YOU, AGAIN!

THIS TIME
DO NOT BE
SO GENTLE,
HARVEY!

THAT'S HIS
MUSCLE
MAN,
STEEL!

SOMETHING'S
WRONG WITH
THIS FELLOW!
HE ACTS LIKE
A ZOMBIE!

THERE'S
ONE WAY
TO FIND OUT
WHETHER HE'S
REALLY A
ZOMBIE!

IF HE
ISN'T ALREADY
A DEAD MAN,
THIS PUNCH
OUGHT TO
KILL HIM!

WHAM

BUT HARVEY QUICKLY
RECOVERS FROM
STERLING'S PULVERIZING
PUNCH...

SNAP THAT ZOMBIE OUT
OF HIS TRANCE, YOU SHOULD...
OR I'LL SHAKE THE LIFE
OUT OF YOU!

AND FURTHERMORE, STAND
I'M GOING TO
SEE TO IT, YOU
NEVER MAKE
ANOTHER
ZOMBIE
AGAIN!

BACK,
HARVEY!

YOU CAN'T DO
THAT, STERLING!
MY MOTIVES ARE
PURELY PATRIOTIC!
LET ME EXPLAIN!

I ONLY MAKE ZOMBIES OUT OF
SLACKERS AND DRAFT DODGERS,
AND PUT 'EM TO WORK! THAT
WAY I HELP EASE THE LABOR
SHORTAGE!..



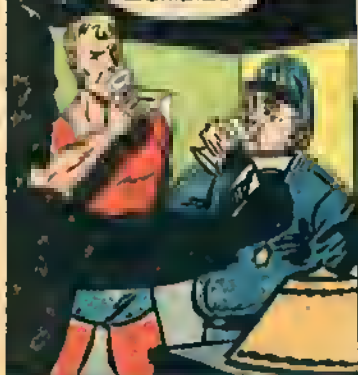
AND THAT'S
THE TRUTH..
SO HELP ME..
A DRINK OF
WATER,
GENTLEMEN!

I DON'T KNOW!
HIS STORY SOUNDS
FISHY TO ME,
CLANCY!

AW, STEEL!
YOU'VE GOT A
SUSPICIOUS NATURE
IF HE WUZ LYIN'.
I'D SPOT IT IN
A MINUTE!



AH! YOU ARE
A SHREWD JUDGE
OF HUMAN NATURE!
IF MY LITTLE HOBBY
IS AGAINST THE LAW,
REST ASSURED, THERE
WILL BE NO MORE
ZOMBIES!



G..GOSH,
STEEL! I
FEEL
FUNNY!

S..SO
DO I,
CLANCY!

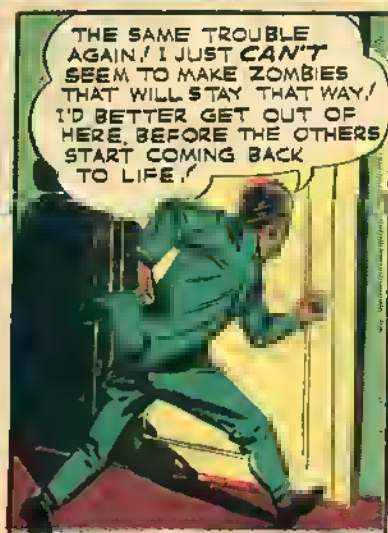
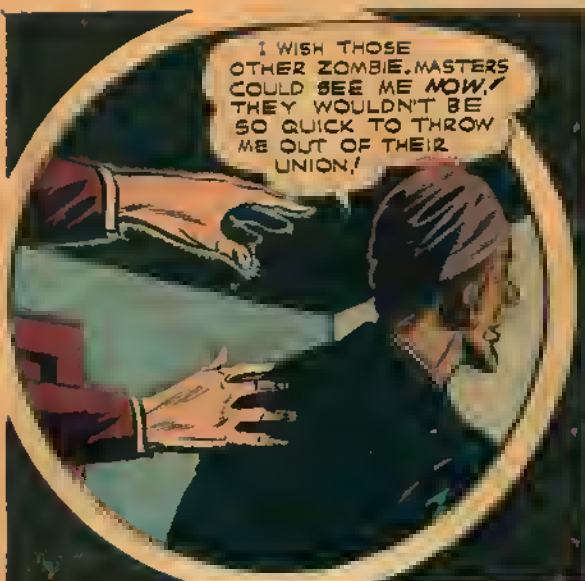


YOU FOOLS!
YOU FELL FOR
MY TRICK!
YOU ARE MY
ZOMBIES
NOW, YOU
UNDERSTAND?

YES,
MASTER!

YES,
MASTER!





YOU BEEN MAKIN' ZOMBIES AGAIN! YOU KNOWS DE PUNISHMENT FO' BREAKIN' DE LAWS OF DE UNION, AMWALLI!

NO!

DON'T LET HIM GET ME! STOP HIM!

YES, MASTER!

OOF!

CRACK

AH IS TOP ZOMBIE-MAKER IN DE BUSINESS! AH ORDERS YOU TO STOP!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! YOU'RE MY ZOMBIE!

YO' NEVER WAS A MATCH FO' A REAL ZOMBIE MAKER!.. TAKE YO' VENGEANCE, ZOMBIE!

NO!.. I MAKE YOU A ZOMBIE! I CAN SET YOU FREE AGAIN! DUBUTA! DAMBALLA DUEGA!

AS THE MAGIC SYLLABLES ARE PRONOUNCED, STEEL STERLING IS FREE OF THE ZOMBIE CHARM.

SO/ YOU MADE A ZOMBIE OUT OF ME, EH?

MAYBE IT WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA!

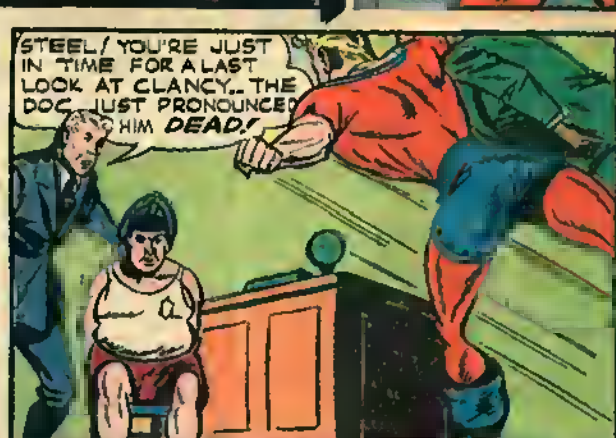
I'LL JUST DRIVE THAT LESSON HOME!

CLANCY'S DISAPPEARED/ HE PROBABLY WANDERED AWAY DURING THE FIGHTING!



I'LL LOOK FOR CLANCY LATER/ YOU'RE OVERDUE AT THE POLICE STATION!

STEEL/ YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR A LAST LOOK AT CLANCY... THE DOG JUST PRONOUNCED HIM DEAD!



SPEAK YOUR PIECE AMWALLI!

D.DJUBUTA/
Q.QAMBALLA
OUEDA!

GOSH/ I MUSTA BEEN ASLEEP/... OR WAS I?

LOCK THIS GUY UP/ AND DON'T TAKE ANYTHING HE OFFERS YOU TO DRINK

GEE STEEL/ DO YOU THINK AMWALLI REALLY KNOWS HOW TO MAKE ZOMBIES?

HE'LL BE A LOT SAFER IN JAIL/ WE CAN THANK OUR LUCKY STARS, THAT HE'S ONE ZOMBIE MAKER, WHO NEVER LEARNED HIS TRADE TOO WELL!



Senior

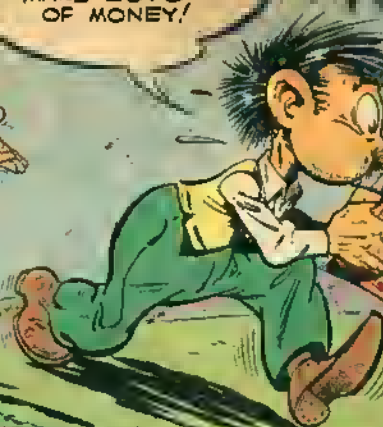
in

THE GOLDEN BEAUTY SHOPPE

BANANA

BAH! YOU
MAKE ME SEEK
IN THE HEAD!
AGAIN WE ARE
BROKE WEETHOUT
MONEY!

BUT SOON,
MAYBE WE WEEL
BE REECH AGAIN!
THEESE BOOK
SAYS, BEAUTICIANS
MAKE LOTS
OF MONEY!

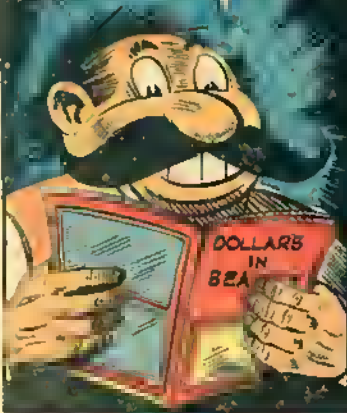


?

STORY BY
GOSN+SALE

SALE
STENCH'S

WHAT? LET ME
SEE THAT!!



BANANA, I HAVE
THE SPLENDID
IDEA! WE'RE
NOW
BEAUTICIANS!

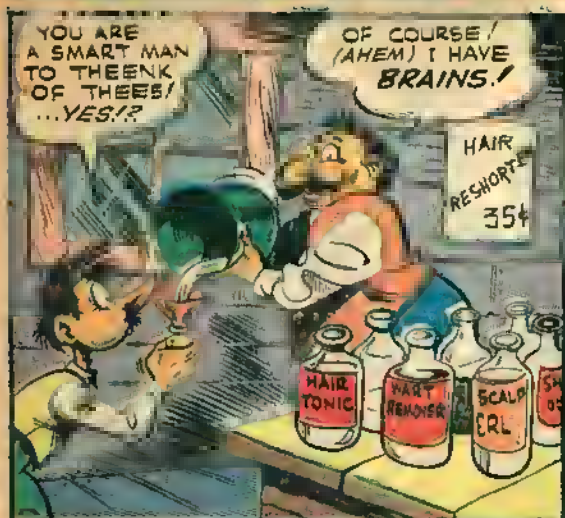
SI. STENCHO!
AND I KNOW
JUST
THE
PLACE
TO START!

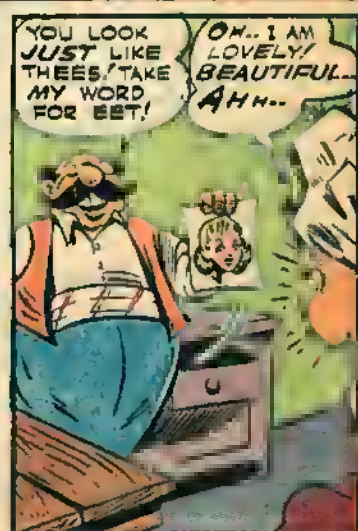
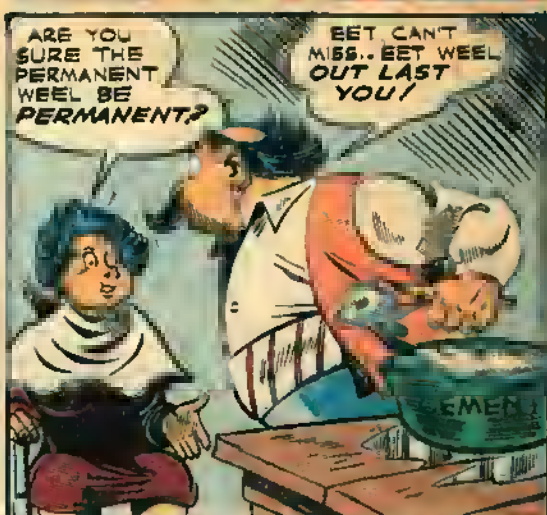
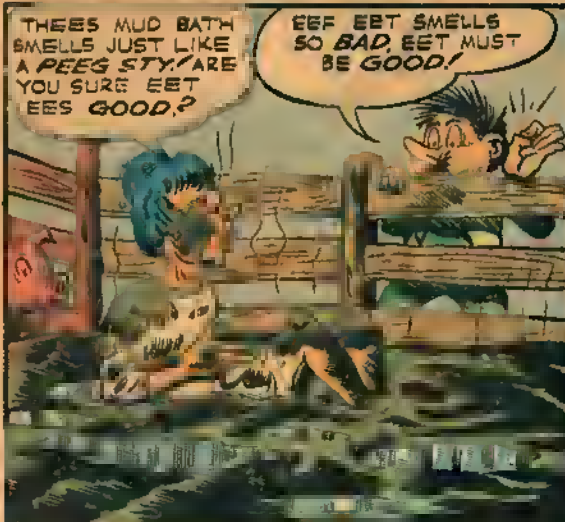


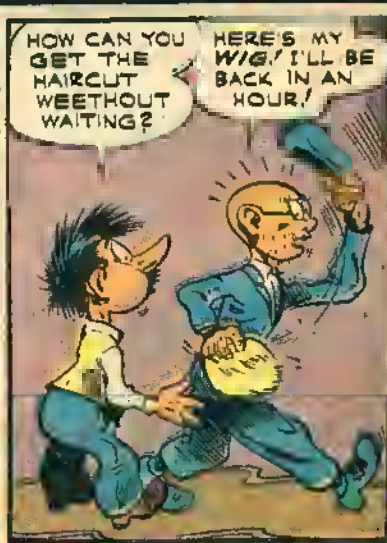
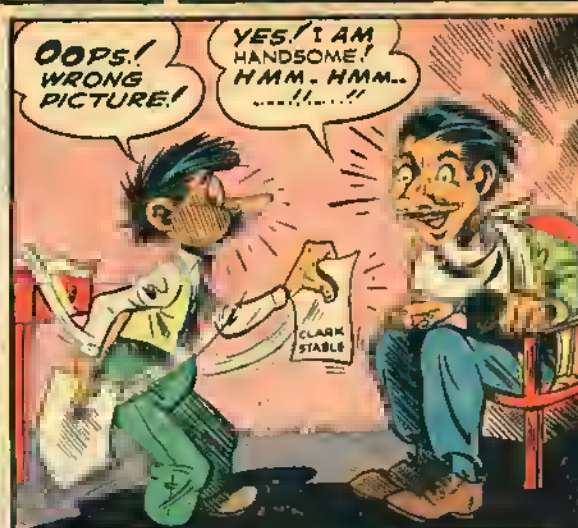
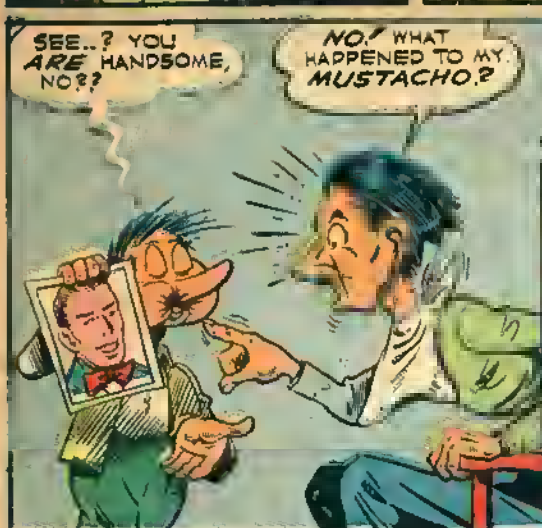
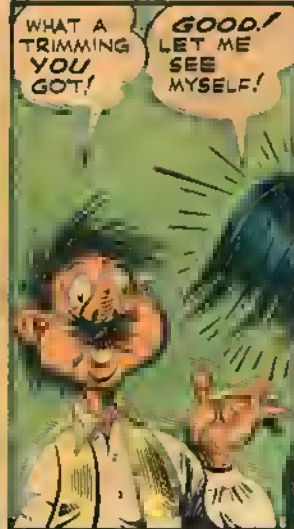
EET BEES
MADE TO ORDER!
OF COURSE
WEETH A FEW
MINOR CHANGES!

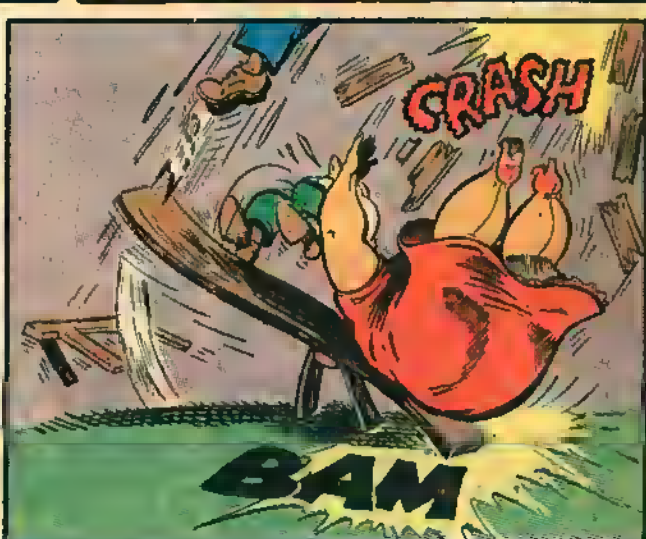
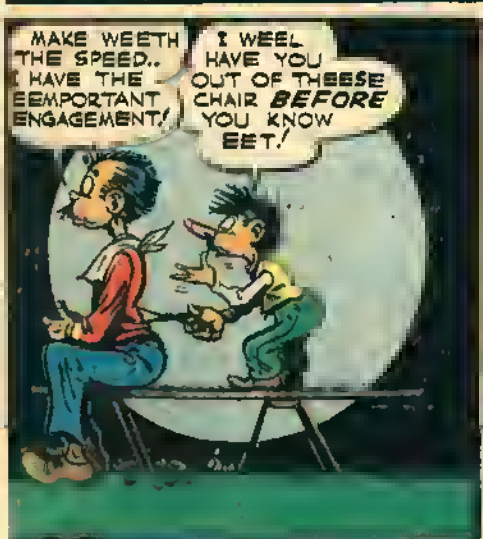
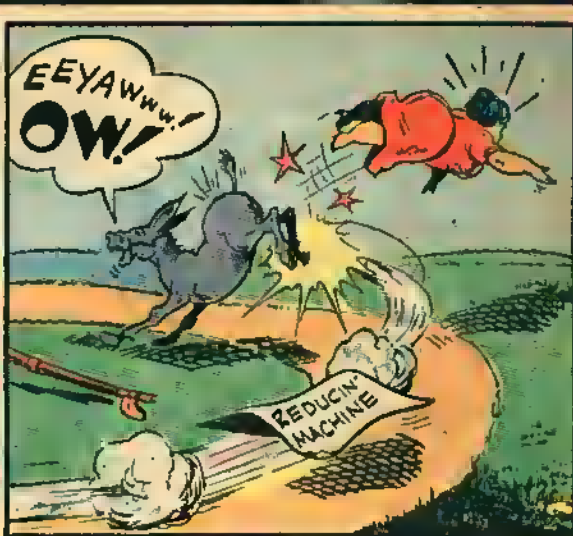
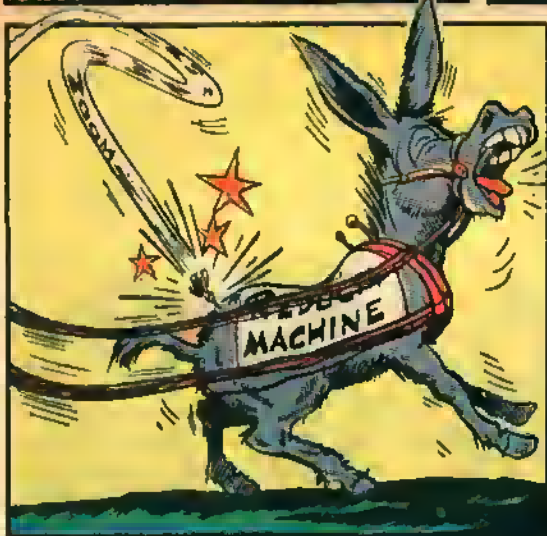
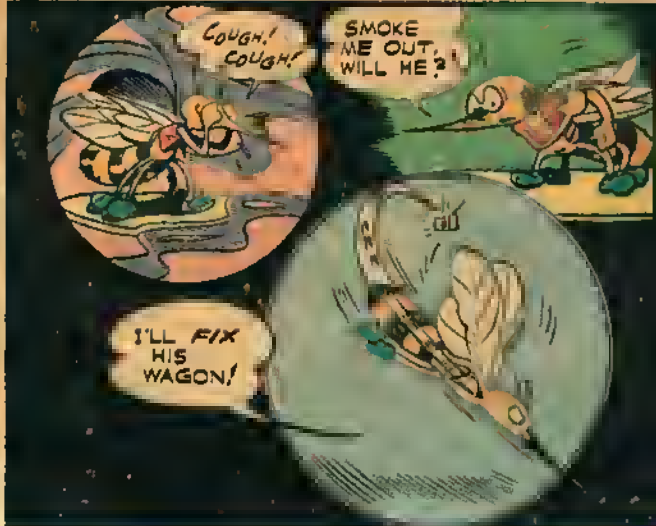
LET'S
YOU
GET TO
WORK!

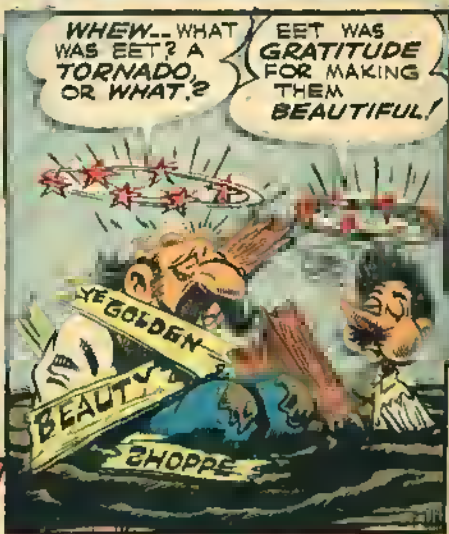
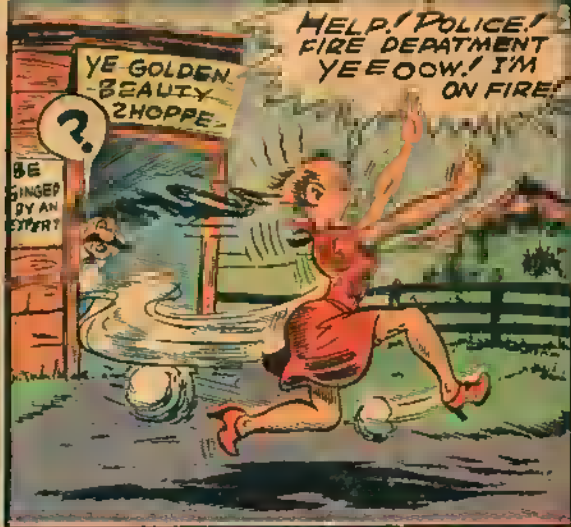
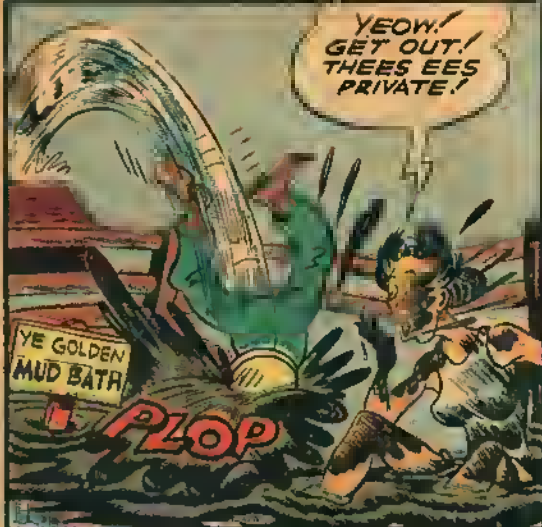












**The
SLAP
HAPPY**

APPLE JACKS

by
SANLEY
STORY BY
GODWIN
SANLEY



SOMEONE
CRYIN' IN THERE,
SLAPPY! WONDER
WHASSA MATTER?

WELL, WE
UNS ARE
DETECK.A.TIFFS
NOW, HAIN'T WE?
SO LET'S FIND
OUT!'

BOO HOO
SNIFF, SNIFF,
BAW!

SNIFF
SNIFF..

MRS. ZITCHER
ZEWING

CHEW

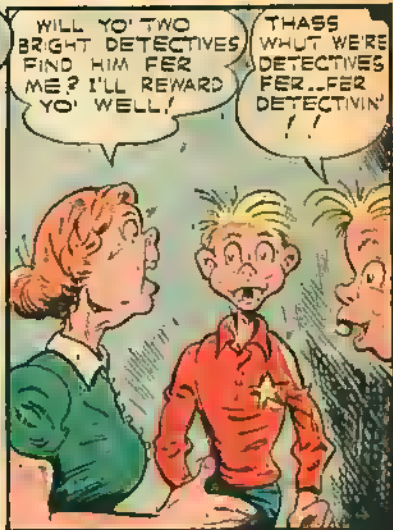


BOO
HOO!

GARSH..
WHUT'S WRONG
WIFF YOU..
WHUT'S ALL THY
BAYLIN' ABOUT?

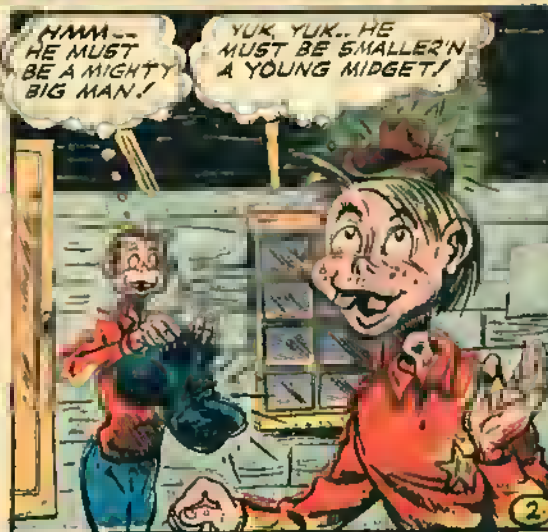
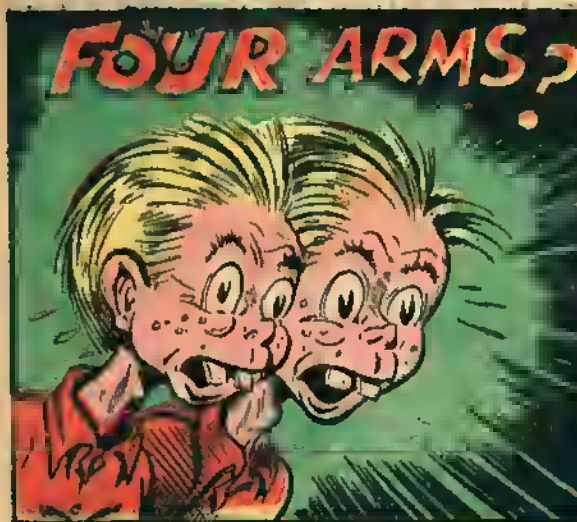
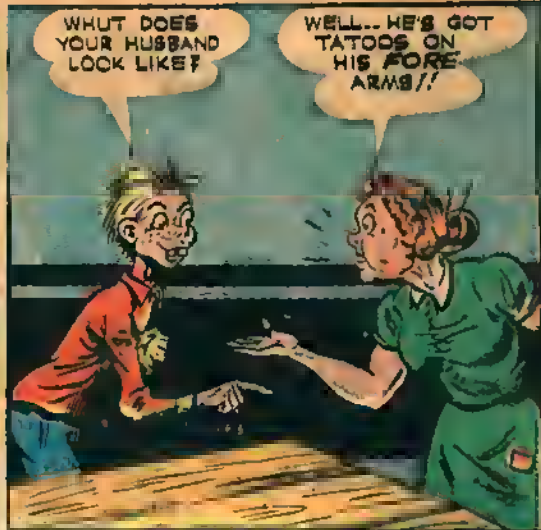
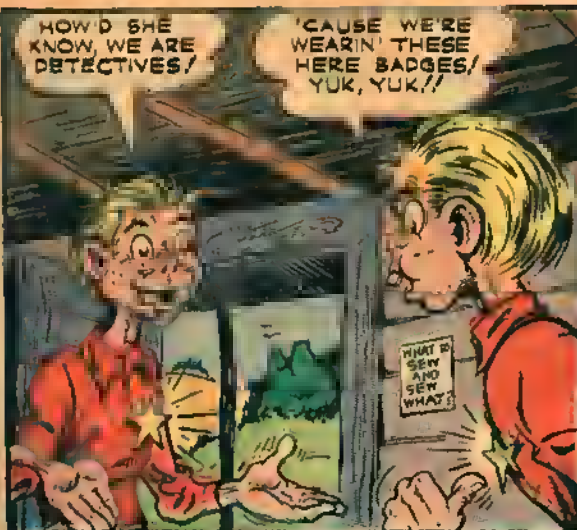


SNIFF..MY HUSBAND'S
BIN MISSIN!..
I THINK HE (SNIFF)
LEFT ME...
BOO-HOO..



WILL YO' TWO
BRIGHT DETECTIVES
FIND HIM FER
ME? I'LL REWARD
YO' WELL!

THASS
WHUT WE'RE
DETECTIVES
FER..FER
DETECTIVIN'
!!



HEY!
SLAPPY, LOOK
AT THIS...

GULP!
A FOUR
ARMED
SWEATER!



A GUY WITH
FOUR ARMS
OUGHT TO BE
EASY T' FIND!

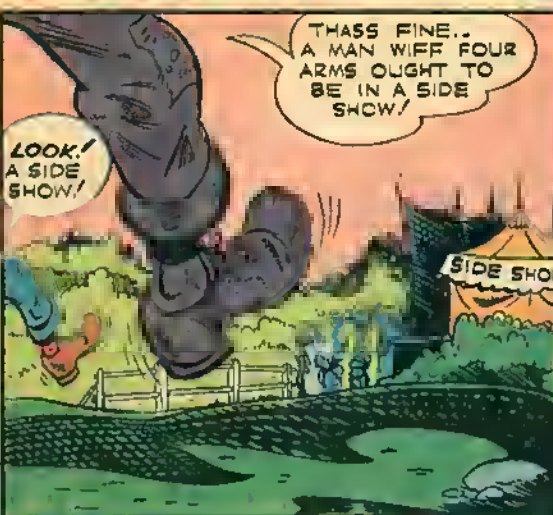
WE'RE
OFF ON
OUR FIRST
CASE... 'TH'
MAN WIFF
FOUR ARMS!



LOOK!
A SIDE
SHOW!

THASS FINE..
A MAN WIFF FOUR
ARMS OUGHT TO
BE IN A SIDE
SHOW!

SIDE SHO



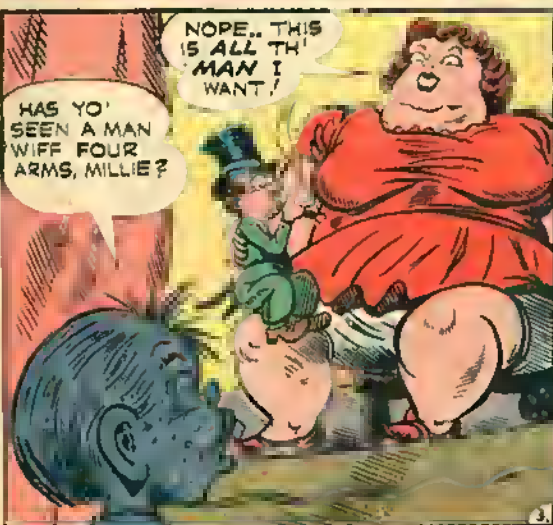
YOU ASK
SOME O' TH'
PERFORMERS
QUESTIONS,
SLAPPY!

YUP, AN' YOU
ASK SOME
O' TH' FREAKS
QUESTIONS,
HAPPY!



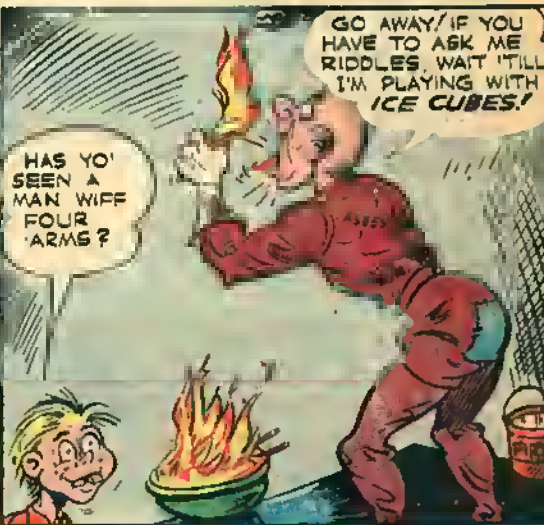
HAS YO'
SEEN A MAN
WIFF FOUR
ARMS, MILLIE?

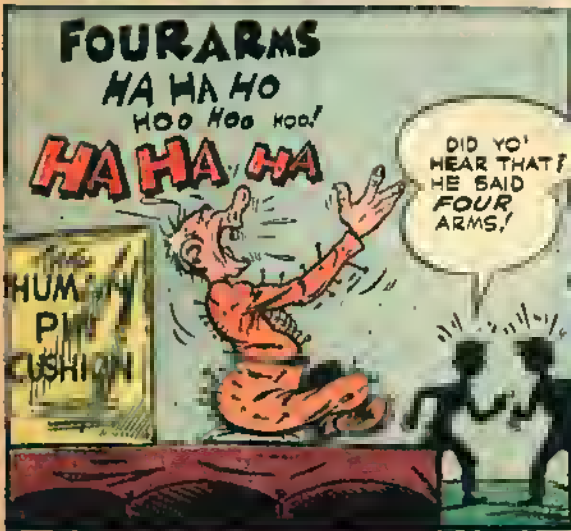
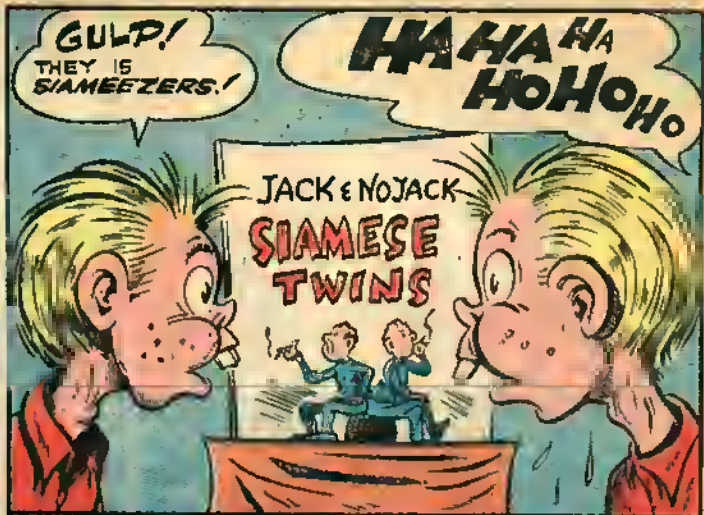
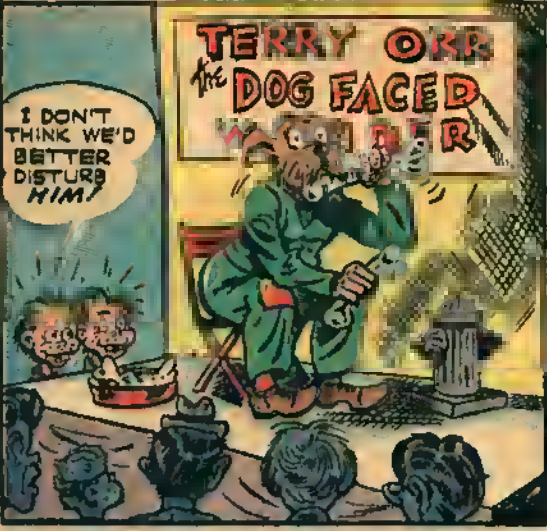
NOPE.. THIS
IS ALL TH'
MAN I
WANT!



HAS YO'
SEEN A
MAN WIFF
FOUR
ARMS?

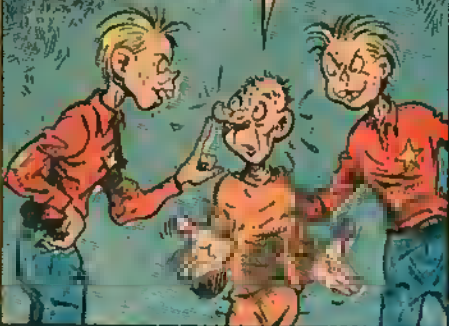
GO AWAY/IF YOU
HAVE TO ASK ME
RIDDLES, WAIT 'TILL
I'M PLAYING WITH
ICE CUBES!





MISTER PIN
CUSHION, WHAT
DOES YO' KNOW
ABOUT TH'
MAN WIFF
FOUR ARMS?

WELL, IT'S
JUST THAT HIS
WIFE *THINKS*
HE HAS *FOUR*
ARMS! SOMETIMES
SIX!



YO'D BETTER
COME WIFF
US!!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS!
BUT I'D LIKE T'
STOP OFF AT MY
HOUSE FER SOME
CLOTHES... BUT *NO*
SWEATERS!



WUFFO IS YO'
AGIN' SWEATERS?

SAY!

HAPPY... WE B
HYAR B'FO'
HAIN'T WE?

HOPE MAH
WIFE HAIN'T
T' HOME! AH
BIN THROUGH
ENOUGH
TORTURE!



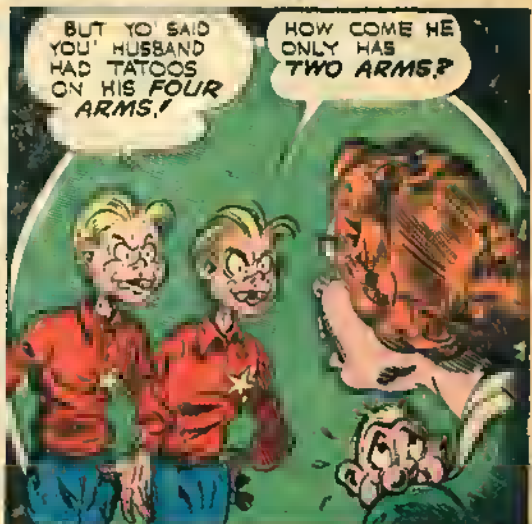
THANK YO' BOYS!
YO' FOUND MAH
LOST HUSBAND!

HUSBAND?



BUT YO' SAID
YOU' HUSBAND
HAD TATTOOS
ON HIS *FOUR*
ARMS!

HOW COME HE
ONLY HAS
TWO ARMS?



AH DIDN'T SAY
TATOOS ON HIS **FOUR**
ARMS. AH SAID TATOOS
ON HIS **FOREARMS.**

GULP!

WELL, MRS.
STITCHES, WE
HAS RETURNED
YORE LOST
HUSBAND TO
YO'!

AH'M GLAD, 'CAUSE
HE'S MY FAVORITE
MODEL. I'VE STUCK
MORE PINS IN HIM,
THAN A HEN HAS
FEATHERS!

TH' REASON AH
PUT **FOUR ARMS** IN
TH' SWEATERS IS,
CAUSE AH GOT TWO
O' TH' **SAME**
LESSONS

WE'RE MIGHTY
GLAD YO' GOT YO'
DUMMY BACK.
NOW YO' CAN GIT
BACK INTO
BUSINESS!

HERE IS TH'
REWARD AH
PROMISED
YO'!!

THANKS, MA'M...
WE SHORE
APPREE. SHEE, ATE
IT!

LE'S
GO
NOW,
SLAPPY!

GULP!

**FOUR-
ARMS!**

LATER

?

?

FOUR ARMS...
...TSK! TSK!

SWEET DREAMS OF DEATH

By PEN SHUMAKER

JOHN MASON, private detective, didn't like it.

Linda Gordon had gone to spend the week-end at the apartment of Margaret Moore, the singer, in another city. She'd gone there to discuss Miss Moore's appearance at the forthcoming Society Relief Ball, and that's all there was to it. Margaret Moore, at 45, was well-known as a stiff-backed, respectable to the nth degree woman, and Linda had anticipated a dull three days.

And then, on the very evening Linda had arrived at Margaret Moore's apartment, John had received a phone call from her. Her voice, low and frightened, had said, "come at once! Something terrible's happened."

So, John didn't like it. He leaped into his car and drove down to Margaret Moore's apartment. The moment he entered the door, he liked it less.

Police were scattered all around the place. There must have been fully a dozen of them. And in the center of the room, seated in a deep red Morris chair, was Linda Gordon.

She had handcuffs on her wrists. . . .

Lieutenant Brady of Homicide was there too, and he knew Mason. Brady smiled. "No use, Mason," he said. "This case is cut and dried."

Mason looked at him, his eyes puzzled. "What case?" he asked.

"Don't you know?" Brady

asked. "This blonde girl-friend of yours here just knocked off Margaret Moore, the concert singer. Did it very neat, too. Crept up to Moore when she was sleeping and suffocated her with an overdose of chloroform. . . ."

"What," Mason said, "makes you think Linda Gordon did it?"

Brady's eyebrows lifted. He said. "Well, I'll tell you. If the coroner tells you the corpse died from an overdose of chloroform, and you happen to spot a week-end guest's luggage open with a bottle of chloroform plainly visible, wouldn't you, too, kind of figure maybe that guest had something to do with the crime?"

"Maybe I would," Mason said. He turned to Linda. "What about that chloroform, Sugar?"

Linda looked up at him. There were tears deep in her eyes. "Someone planted it," she said. "Someone planted it on me."

Brady guffawed. "That's what they all say. . . ."

"Easy, Brady," Mason said. "Don't be so quick to pin this charge on Miss Gordon. You're liable to find yourself looking pretty foolish." He spun around on his heel, and looked at a row of doors down the hall. "Which is Miss Moore's room?" he asked.

"Third door on the left," Brady said. "I'll show you." He led the way down the hall and entered a room. Mason followed

him, keen eyes missing nothing.

He noted the articles of furniture, the ultra-modern bed, dressing table and chairs. He noted the modern indirect lighting, the modern pictures on the walls. And then he noted that the window was open. . . .

That was funny. Why leave a window open in mid-winter?

"Was Miss Moore found dead in this room?" Mason asked.

"Right," said Brady. "The Black Maria took her down to the morgue just a couple of minutes before you arrived."

"Then tell me one thing, Brady. Do you know whether Margaret Moore was a fresh air fiend?"

"Blamed if I can tell you," Brady said. "I didn't know the dame personal." An idea suddenly lighted up his face. "Her maid probably can tell you, though. I'll get her."

"Good idea. As a matter of fact, you might assemble everyone who was in the house at the time of the murder. If my hunch is correct, I may be able to tell you who *really* killed Margaret Moore!"

Four people other than Margaret Moore had been in the house at the time of the murder. Mason looked them over.

One, Linda Gordon. Two, Mary Allen, Margaret Moore's maid. Three, Gerald Moore, Margaret's brother, who lived in the house and wrote many of Miss Moore's songs. And

four, Katherine Cole, a friend of Margaret's. Katherine had started out on a singing career at exactly the same time as Miss Moore, but had been very much less successful, and had given up after two years of tryouts.

Mason turned his gaze on Miss Moore's maid. "Miss Allen," he said, "I'll ask you the same question I asked Lieutenant Brady. Was Miss Moore a fresh air fiend?"

Mary Allen smiled sadly. "If anything, she was just the opposite," she answered. "She hated breezes blowing on her when she slept. The windows in her room were always locked."

Mason nodded. His hunch had been correct. He'd suspected Miss Moore didn't like her window open when he'd looked at it. The paint at the sides of the window had been smooth, almost unbroken, indicating that the window was rarely opened.

And yet it had been opened on the night of the murder. Why?

Mason rejected the possibility that it had been opened to permit someone to enter the house. There was no fire escape outside, and Miss Moore occupied the fifteenth floor of an apartment building.

Mason knew the reason.

"I want to establish a fact," he said. "Will you, Miss Allen, and you, Mr. Moore, testify that Linda Gordon has spent weekends here before this one?"

"Several times," Moore said. "Probably more than a dozen in the last few years. Miss Gordon always appeared at Miss Moore's society benefits, and Miss Gordon stayed here often to discuss the entertainment program."

"Good. And now—you, Miss

Allen. How long have you been employed by Miss Moore?"

"I've been with her for ten years."

"And you've lived here with her in this apartment for how long?"

"Ever since she moved into this place five years ago."

Mason smiled again. "And you, Mr. Moore, how long have you lived in this apartment?"

"Five years," Moore said. He frowned. "I don't get what you are driving at."

"You will in a minute." He turned and looked at Katherine Cole. "How often have you stayed here in the past, Miss Cole?"

Katherine Cole was a big woman with cold, hard eyes. "This is my first visit," she answered.

"There's your murderer, Lieutenant Brady," Mason said.

Brady scratched his head and looked vague.

"Didn't you stop to wonder why the window was left open in Miss Moore's room? You heard Mary Allen testify that Miss Moore hated breezes blowing across her face." He paused as sudden understanding spread over Brady's features. "Exactly. The killer entered Miss Moore's room and killed her with an overdose of chloroform. The killer had one purpose in using this unique method of murder. If, by the time the murder was discovered the smell of chloroform had gone from the room, murder wouldn't even be suspected. Miss Moore's death would be attributed to natural causes—overwork, perhaps."

He paused for breath. "And so the killer opened the window

to let the smell go out—and in doing so made the mistake which is going to send her to the gallows. She revealed herself as the only person in the household who wasn't familiar with the workings of the place. This is an ultra-modern apartment. The killer, having never been here before, didn't know one thing which every other person staying here did know—that no window had to be opened to dispel the odor of chloroform, because the apartment is air conditioned!"

Mason paused and looked at the murderess. "This is pure deduction, but I'm willing to bet that Linda's room is right next to Katherine Cole's, with an adjoining door in between. Katherine Cole slipped into Linda's room as Linda slept, and put the chloroform into Linda's overnight bag. This was for safety's sake, in case someone found out about the chloroform."

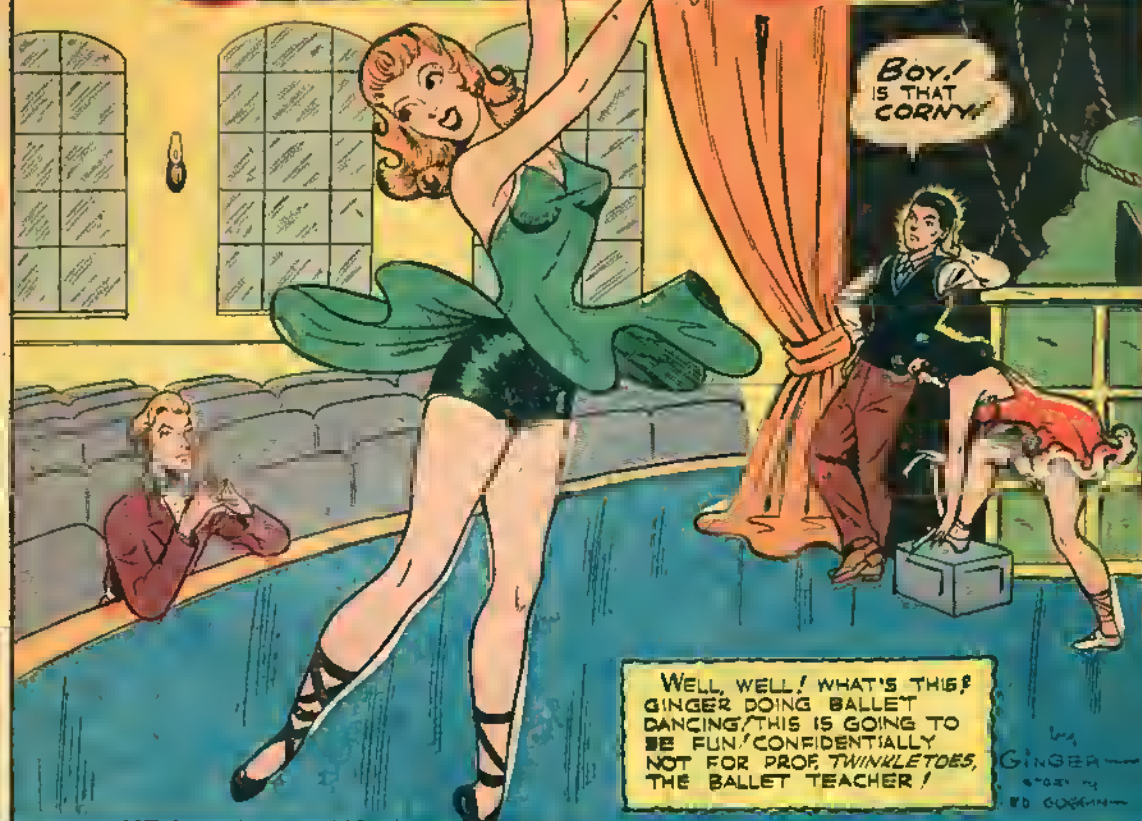
"And someone did, too," Brady said. "Mary Allen came into Miss Moore's room to see if she was comfortable, and she smelled the chloroform. That was how the murder was discovered."

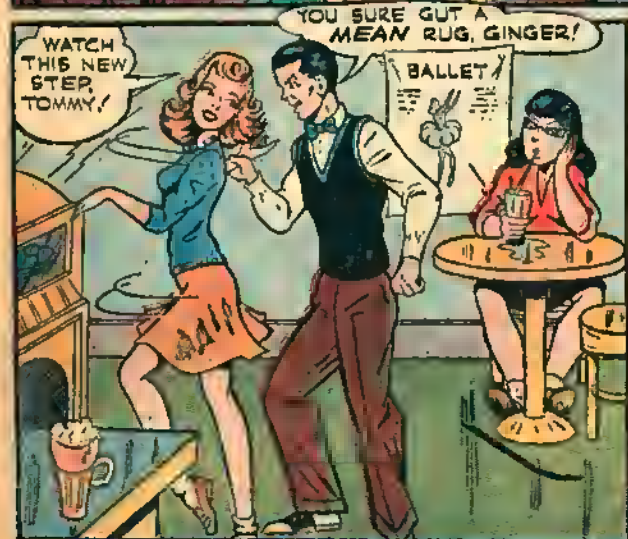
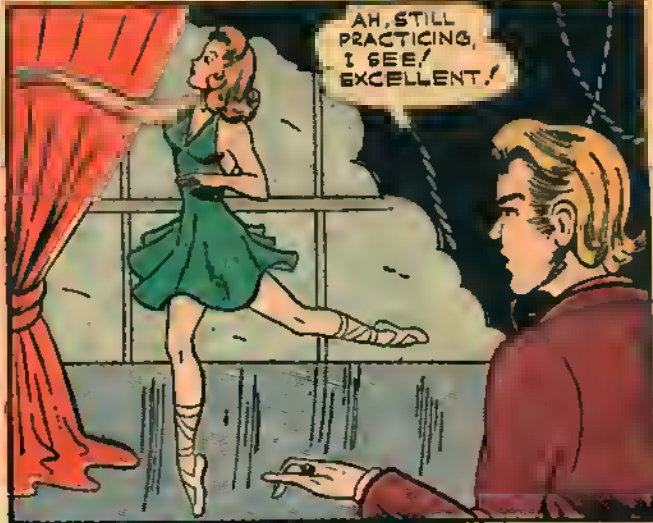
"Well, there it is," Mason said. "Correct, Miss Cole?"

Katherine Cole slumped into a chair. "Everything you said is true," she said, wearily. "I was jealous of her, and I fixed her for good. She beat me out of all my chances—became a success at singing while I had to give up. I brooded over it—felt that I had to pay her back. And I did. *I did!*"

"All right, Brady," Mason said. "Take the cuffs off Miss Gordon—and duck! She looks as if she's going to sock you—and darned if I won't stand around and applaud while she does."

Ginger





GULP!

WHY, GINGER!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING??

OH! AH...
ER...I WAS TRYING
TO FIX A CRAMP
IN MY BACK...
HEH, HEH!

WHY YOU POOR CHILD!
PROBABLY YOU'VE
PRACTICED TOO
STRENUOUSLY FOR THE
BALLET! YOU'D BETTER GO
HOME, AND REST
AWHILE!

OH
BROTHER!

MY, WHAT AN
AMBITIOUS GIRL!

A LIME PHOSPHATE!
NOT TOO STRONG,
PLEASE!

WHEW!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

WELL, WE
GOTTA
PRACTICE
SOME
TIME!

WELL, GEE,
MAYBE I
SHOULD
REST
AT THAT!

I KNEW
IT! YOU'RE
FALLING FOR THAT
LONG
HAIR!

STRAWBERRY

SODAS
30¢

BANANA

ACT YOUR
AGE! YOU'LL
MAKE A SAP
OF YOURSELF!

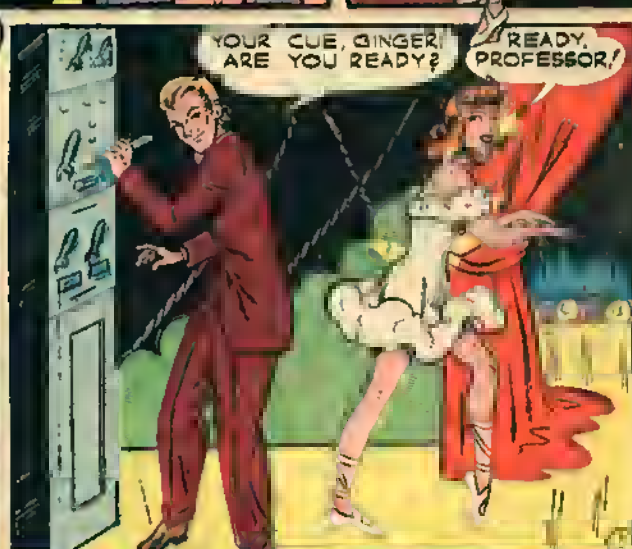
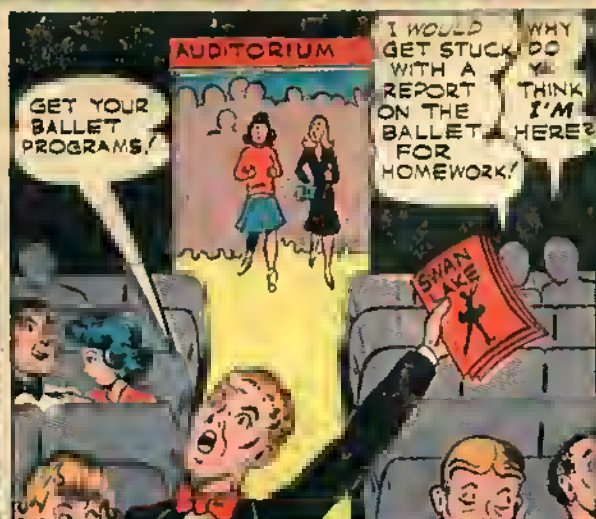
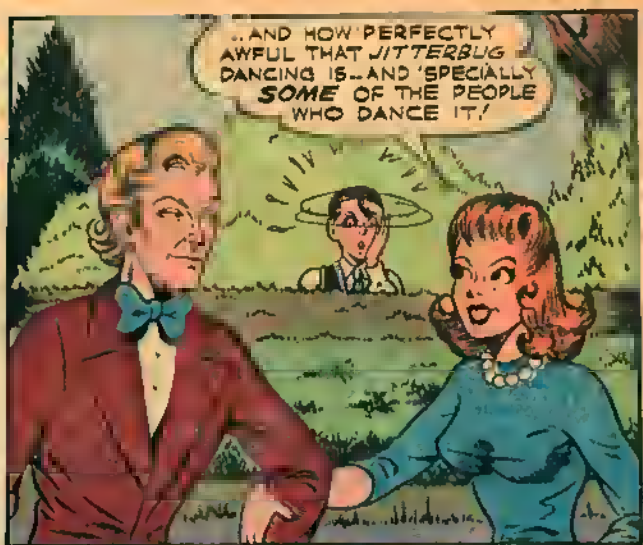
WHY,
TOMMY
BRENT!

THIS'LL TEACH
YOU HOW TO
TALK TO A
LADY!

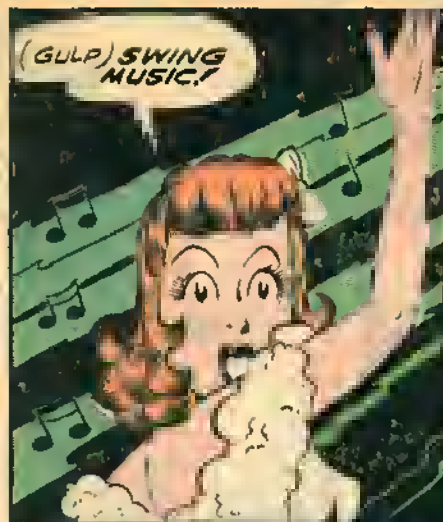
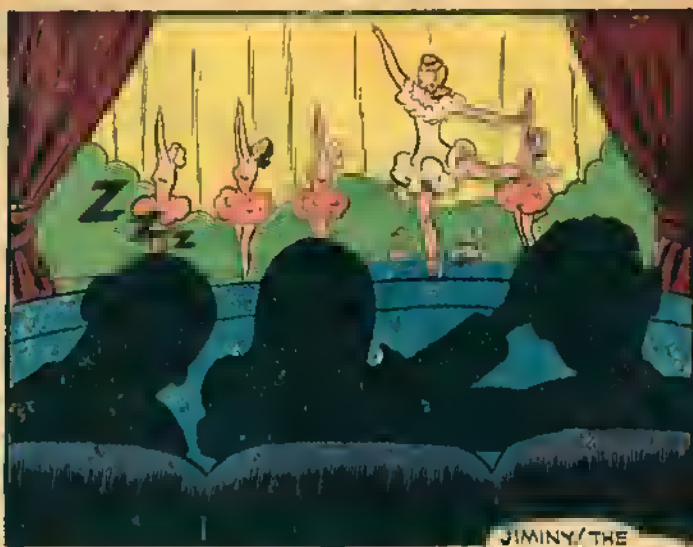
AND FURTHERMORE,
PROF. TWINKLETOES
IS A GENTLEMAN!

WHAT'S
THAT,
GINGER?

SPLAT!



AND SO, ON WITH THE BALLET...



(GULP) SWING MUSIC!



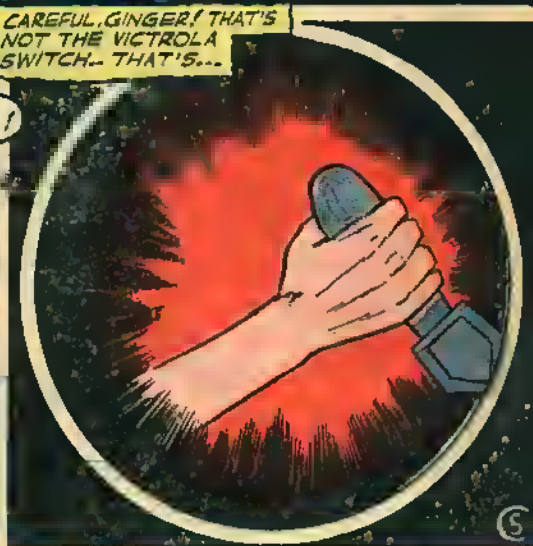
JIMINY! THE WHOLE BALLET'S SWINGING IT OUT!

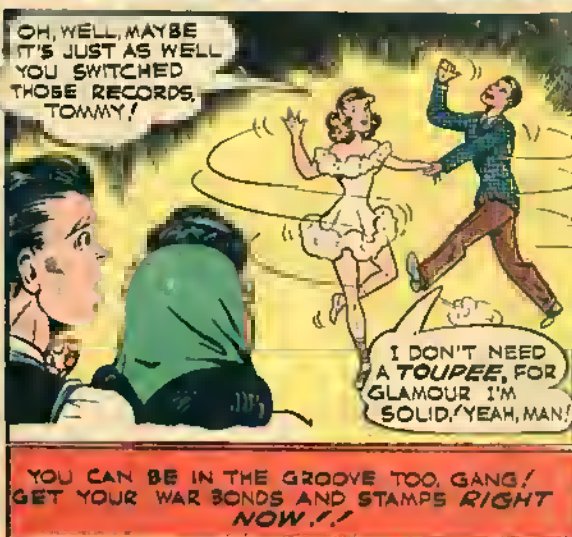
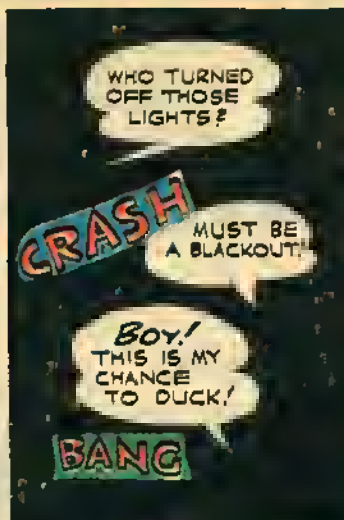
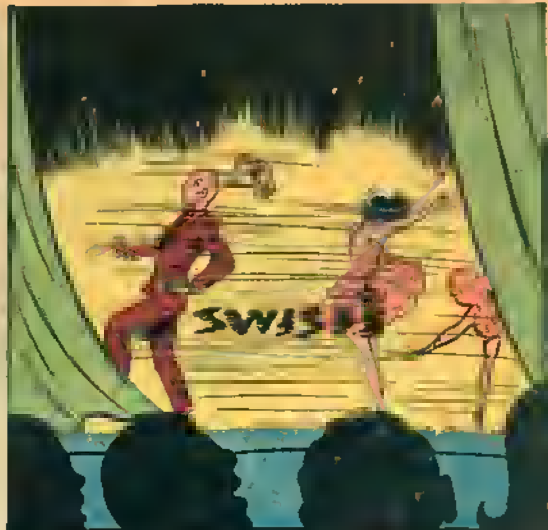


STOP THOSE RECORDS! THE BALLET IS RUINED!

I... I'LL STOP IT, PROFESSOR!

CAREFUL, GINGER! THAT'S NOT THE VICTROLA SWITCH... THAT'S...





YOU CAN BE IN THE GROOVE TOO, GANG!
GET YOUR WAR BONDS AND STAMPS RIGHT NOW!!

RED RUBE



Bill Vigoda



I PRESUME
WE HAVE ALL MET
OUR HERO, **RUEBEN!**
FOR THOSE WHO
HAVEN'T,
LET ME GO BACK
A BIT!!

RUEBEN IS A YOUNG
ORPHAN WHOSE
ANCESTORS WERE
ENDOWED WITH
TREMENDOUS POWERS!

BY CALLING,
"**HEY RUBE**"
THESE POWERS
BECOME HIS!
DURING HIS
EXPLOITS HE HAS
OBTAINED A JOB AS A
CUB REPORTER ON
THE DAILY SUN!
NOW, READ ON...

IN THE DAILY SUN'S LOCKER
ROOM...

YOU
SURE CAN
SCOOP
'EM, RUBE!

JUST LUCK, BOYS,
JUST LUCK!

DAILY SUN

TOO BAD
I CAN'T TELL
'EM THE TRUTH
ABOUT **RED**
RUBE!

THAT WOULD
BE SOME
STORY!

I.R.T. SUBWAY
DOWNTOWN
BROOKLYN
EAST
NEW YORK

HEY! THAT
MAN DROPPED
SOMETHING!

HEY! BUDDY!
HERE'S YOUR
PAPER!



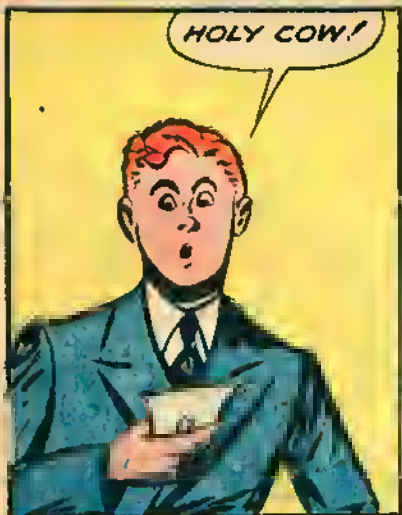
HE'S GONE!
DIDN'T HEAR
ME, I GUESS!



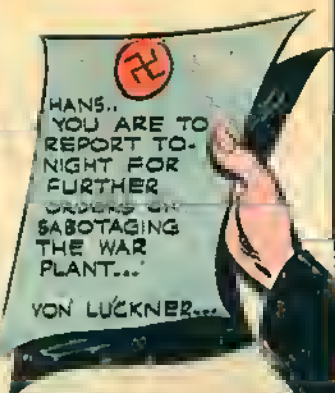
WELL... I SUPPOSE
THERE'S NO HARM
IN SEEING WHAT
IT SAYS!



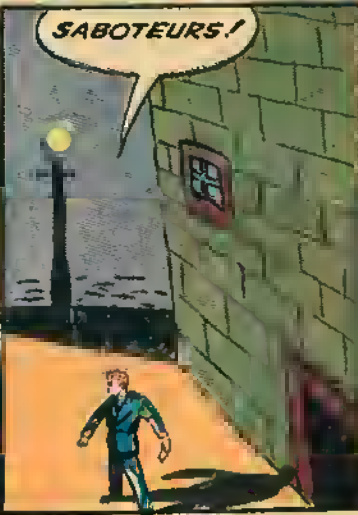
HOLY COW!



HANS..
YOU ARE TO
REPORT TO
NIGHT FOR
FURTHER
ORDERS ON
SABOTAGING
THE WAR
PLANT..
VON LÜCKNER..



SABOTEURS!



I'VE GOT TO
FOLLOW HIM!



HE CAN'T
BE FAR!



THERE HE
IS GOING
INTO THAT
CELLAR!



I'VE GOT TO
SEE WHAT GOES
ON IN THERE!
THIS IS IMPORTANT!

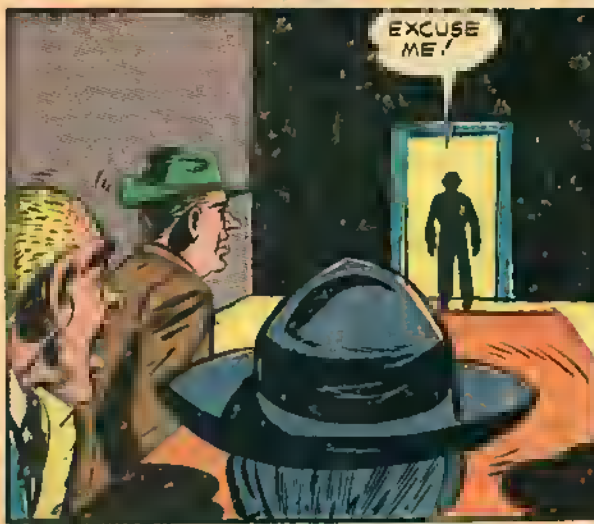
I'VE GOT TO
BE CAREFUL!

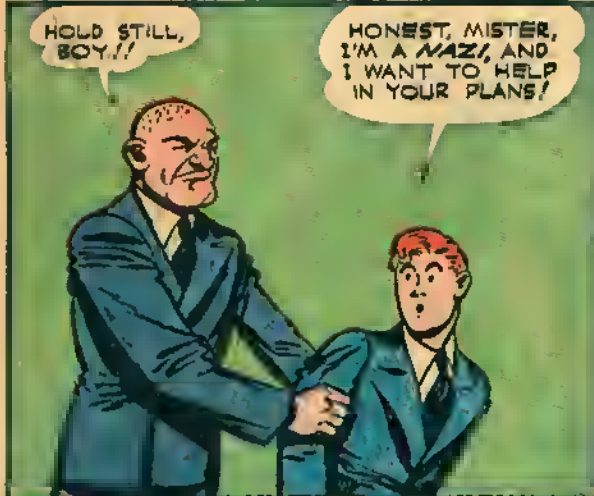


I HEAR
VOICES!

IT'S COMING
FROM THAT
DIRECTION!

UND TOMORROW
WE WILL TALK THE
MEN INTO STRIKING!
THAT WILL DECREASE
PRODUCTION !!





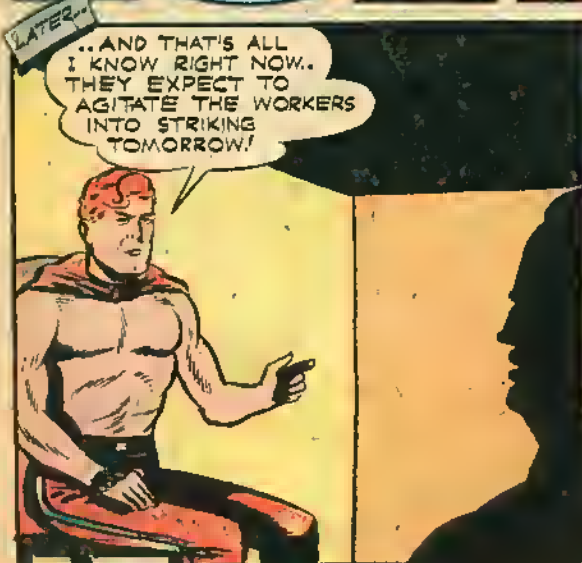


VIOLENTLY,
THE POWERS
ENTER RUEBENS
BODY.

AND...

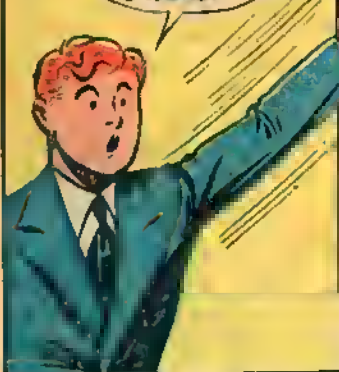
HUH?

EXCUSE
ME, SON!



THE NEXT DAY, RUBE
ARRIVES AT THE NAZI
HEADQUARTERS...

HEIL HITLER!
I'M READY FOR
ORDERS!



GRAB HIM,
MEN!



READY FOR ORDERS, EH?
WHEN I GET THROUGH
WITH YOU, YOU'LL BE
READY FOR THE
UNDERTAKER!



THOUGHT YOU
COULD OUTSMART
ME, EH? IT'S GOOD
I HAD YOU
FOLLOWED!



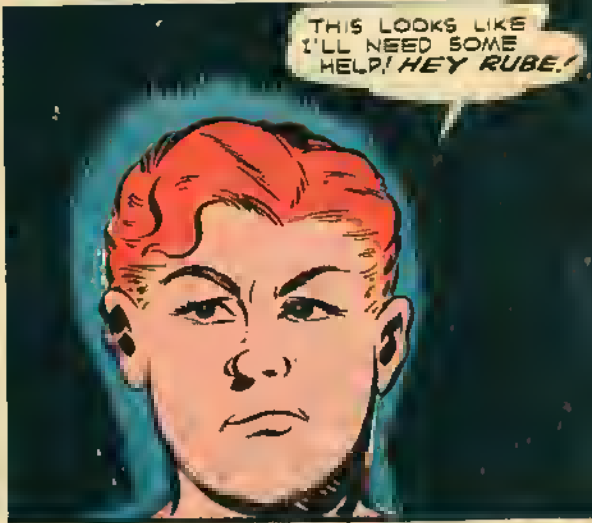
NOW, TO BUSINESS!
LISTEN, MEN..WE CAN
STRIKE BEFORE THE
F.B.I. COMES! BUT
COME, LET US
HURRY!



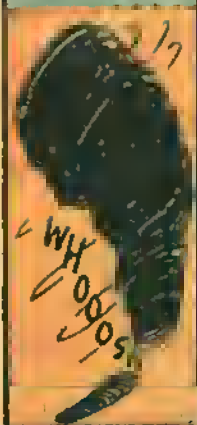
AS FOR YOU,
WE'LL TAKE CARE
OF YOU, WHEN
WE COME
BACK!



THIS LOOKS LIKE
I'LL NEED SOME
HELP! HEY RUBE!

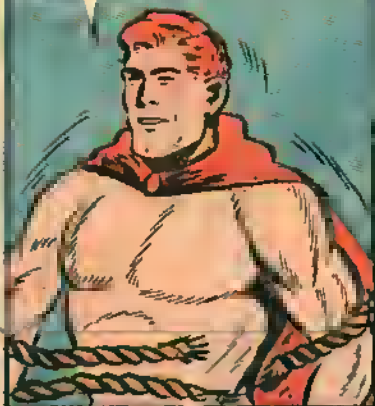


WITH THAT
CALL, POWERFUL
FORCES ARE
AWAKENED...



... AND BEHOLD....!

RED RUBE!



I'VE GOT NO
TIME TO
LOSE!

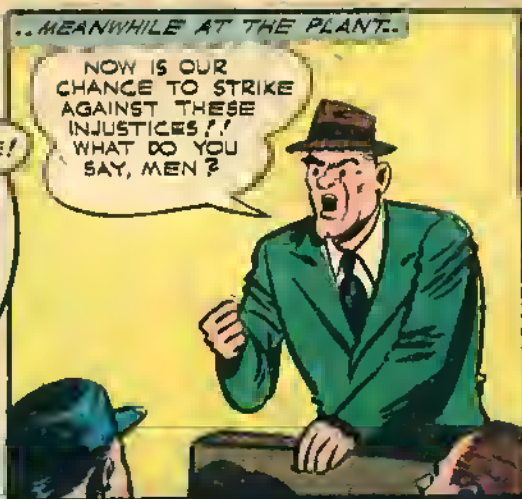


HELLO... F.B.I.
HEADQUARTERS?
THIS IS RUEBEN!
GET OVER TO
THE PLANT
IMMEDIATELY!
THERE'S TROUBLE!



... MEANWHILE AT THE PLANT...

NOW IS OUR
CHANCE TO STRIKE
AGAINST THESE
INJUSTICES!!
WHAT DO YOU
SAY, MEN?



THERE'S
THE GATE!



IF YOU
MEN.. WH...
HUH?
OUCH!

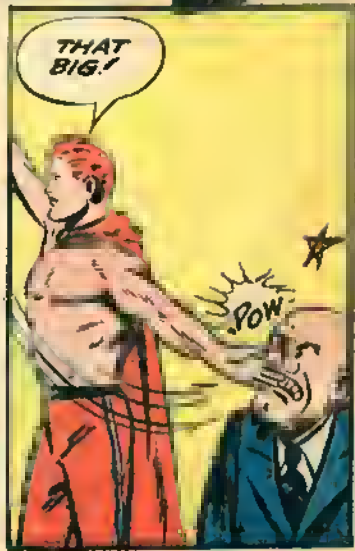


LOOK AT
THE FISH
I GOT!

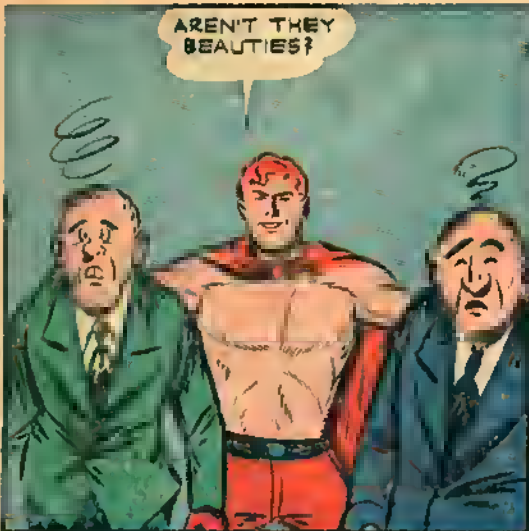


HEH!
HEH!

THAT
BIG!

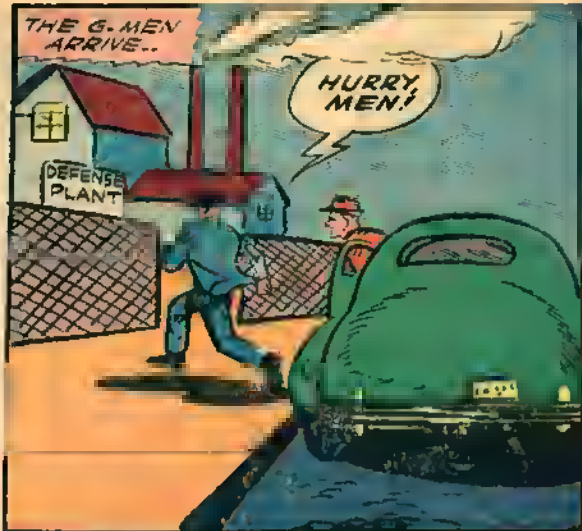


AREN'T THEY
BEAUTIES?



THE G-MEN
ARRIVE..

HURRY,
MEN!



THERE'S
RED RUBE!
HOW DID HE
GET HERE?



HELLO, CHIEF!
I'VE GOT SOME
INTERESTING
SPECIMENS FOR
YOU!!



THEY'RE MEMBERS
OF THE SUPER-RACE!
THEY'LL MAKE A
FINE EXHIBIT!



THERE ARE MANY
FIFTH COLUMNISTS
POSING AS FRIENDS, IN
THIS COUNTRY! SO
DON'T LET YOURSELF
BE FOOLED, KID!



**HEY KIDS! HERE'S A
NEW WAY FOR YOU TO
HELP SCRAP THE
AXIS-AND MAKE YOUR-
SELVES SOME SPEND-
ING MONEY AT
THE SAME TIME**

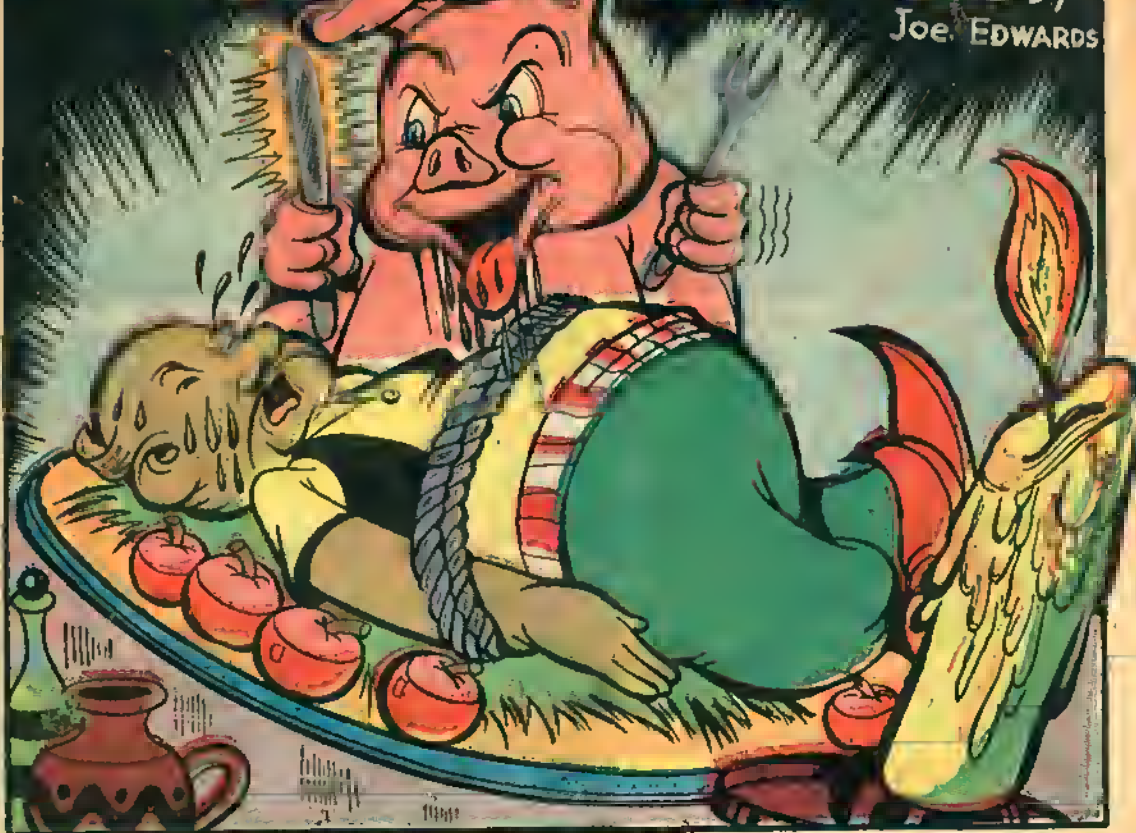


**MAYBE YOU'RE NOT AS MIGHTY AS RED RUBE-BUT YOU CAN
BE JUST AS SMART! DON'T THROW ANY PAPER OF ANY
KIND AWAY! OLD NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, PAPER BAGS,
CARDBOARD BOXES. PAPER OF ANY KIND, SHAPE OR
FORM SHOULD BE SAVED, TIED IN A BUNDLE AND SOLD,
NOT GIVEN AWAY TO A PAPER SALVAGE STATION IN
YOUR TOWN. YOUR SALVAGE STATION MIGHT BE YOUR
SCHOOL OR BOY SCOUT HEADQUARTERS, OR EVEN POLICE. BUT
EVERY TOWN IS SURE TO HAVE ONE!**

SO SAVE YOUR SCRAP TO SCRAP THE JAPS!

CHIMPY

by
Joe EDWARDS



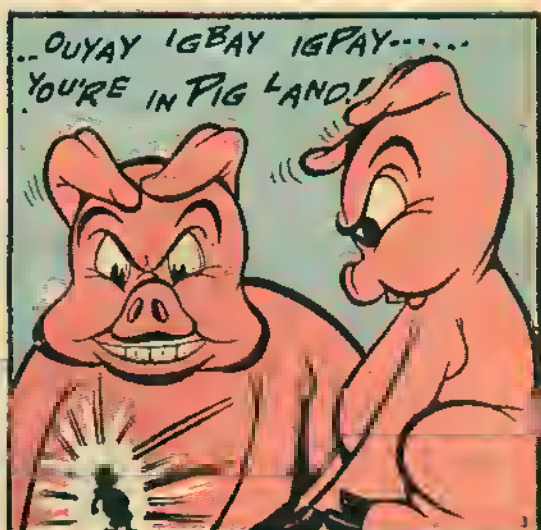
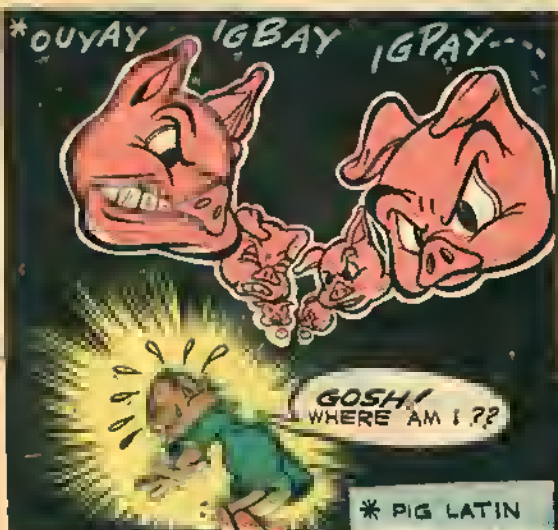
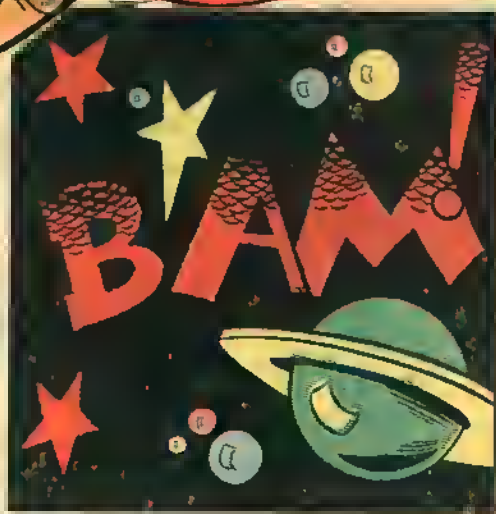
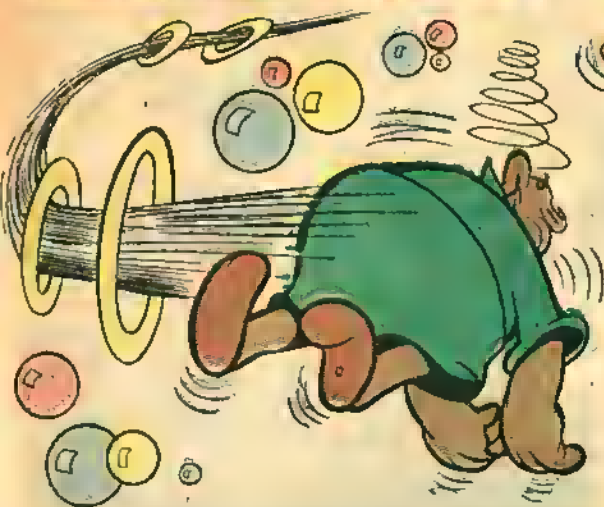
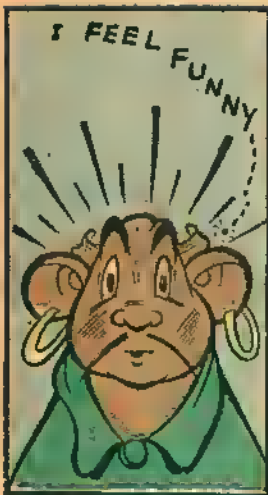
WILL YOU PLEASE
STOP STUFFING
YOURSELF WITH
THAT PORK,
GENIE!

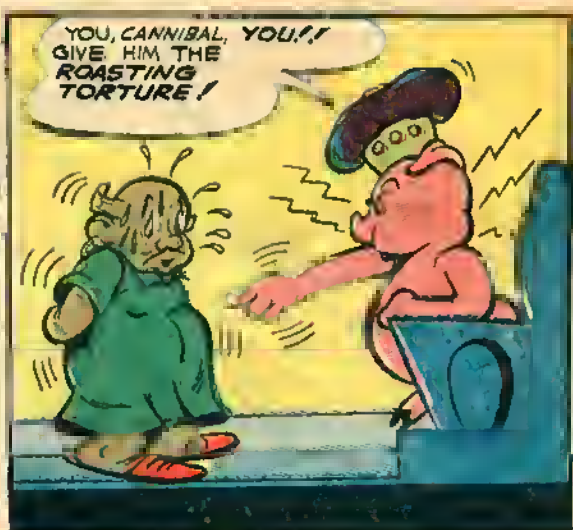
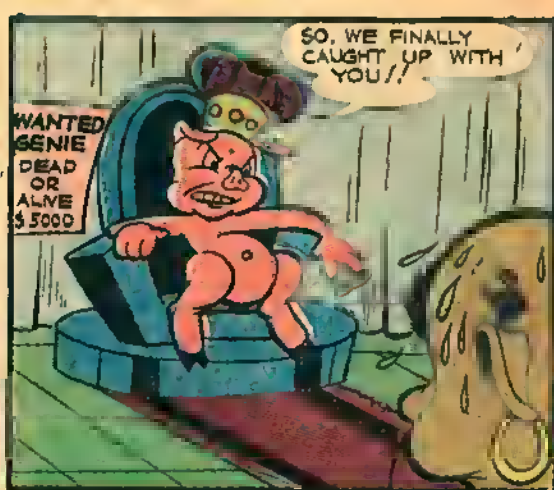
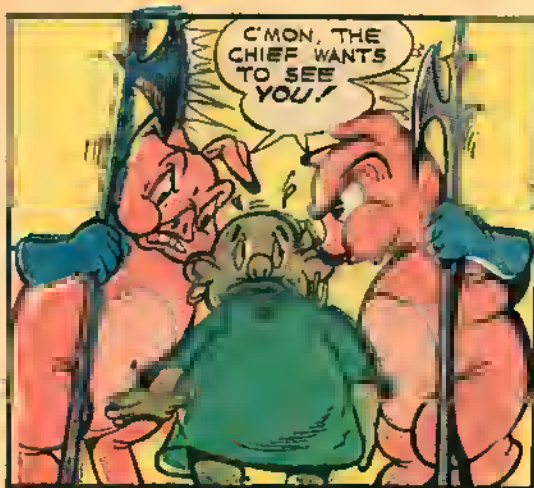
BUT I LOVE
PORK CHIMPY!
IN FACT, HOW'S
ABOUT ANOTHER
PORTION !!

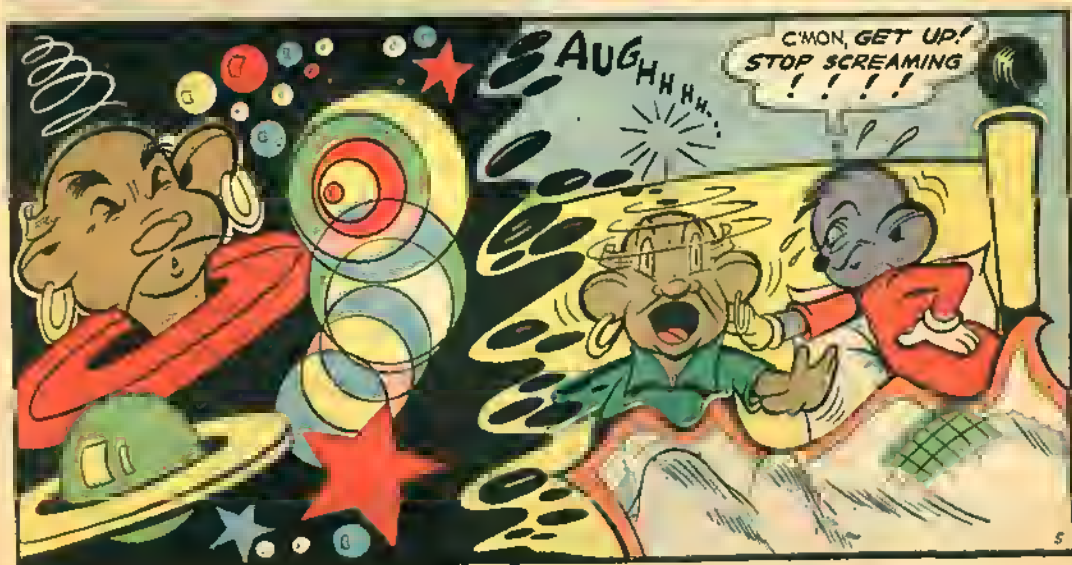
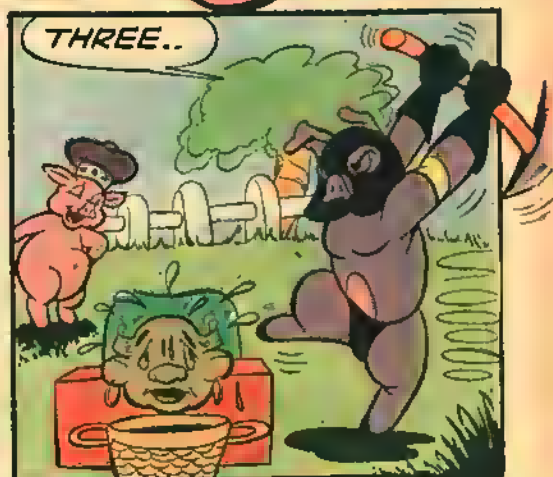
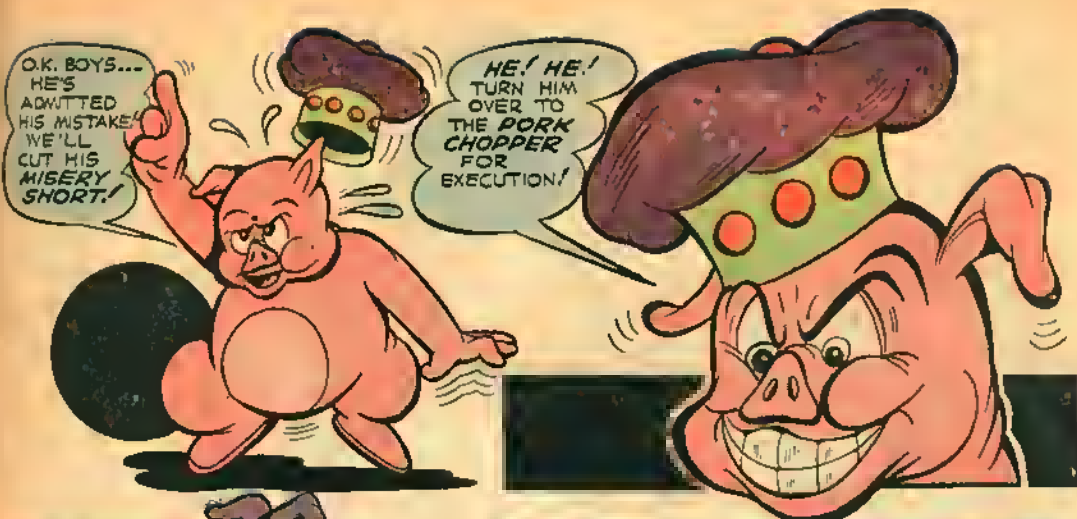


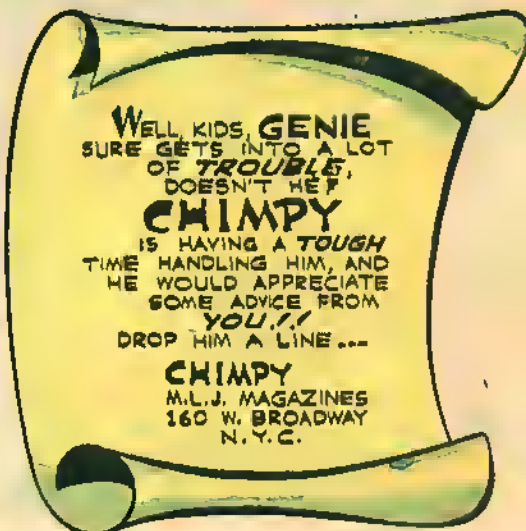
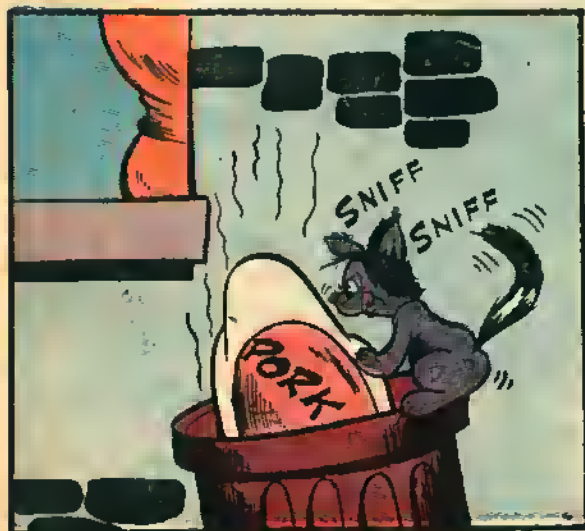
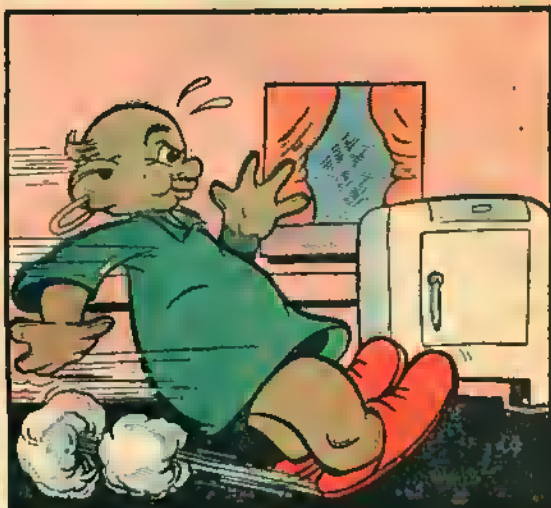
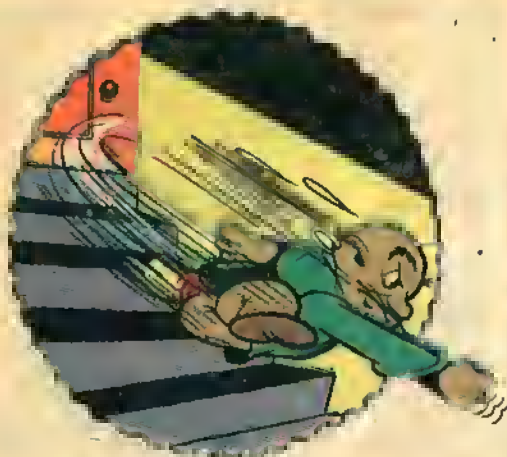
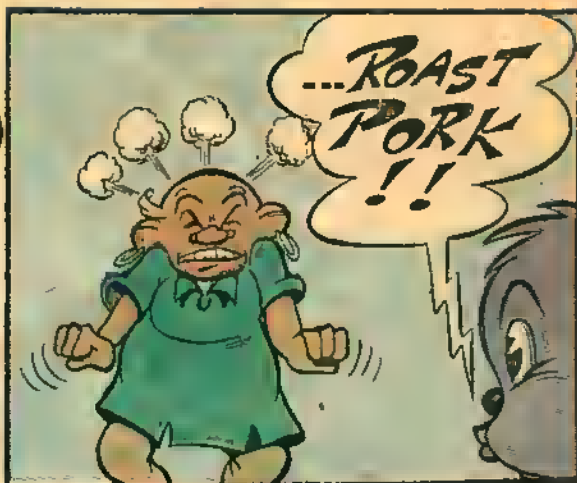
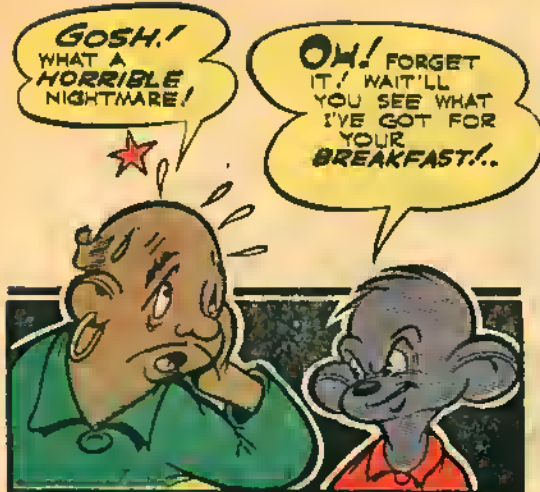
WHAT? WHY, YOU'VE
HAD FOUR PORTIONS
ALREADY!









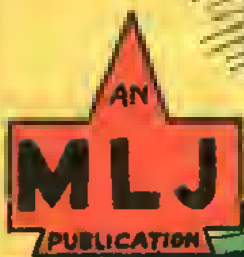


Archie

is an **MLJ** feature

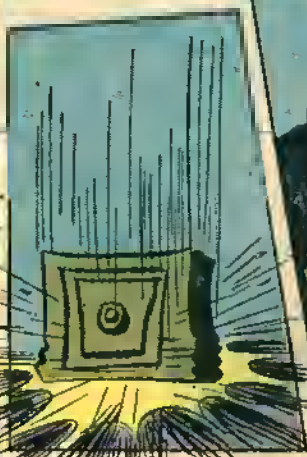
JUMPIN' GEE!!
I WOULDN'T WANT
TO BE IN ARCHIE'S
PLACE FOR
ANYTHING!

HA! HA! YEAH, HE
SURE IS HOT
STUFF!

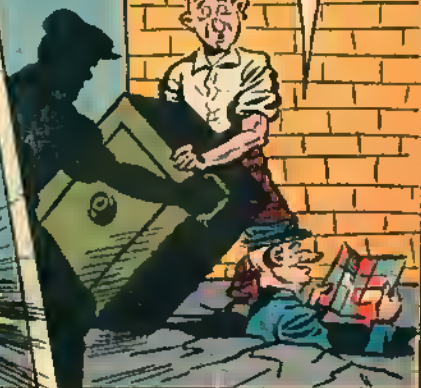


WATCH
OUT
BELOW!

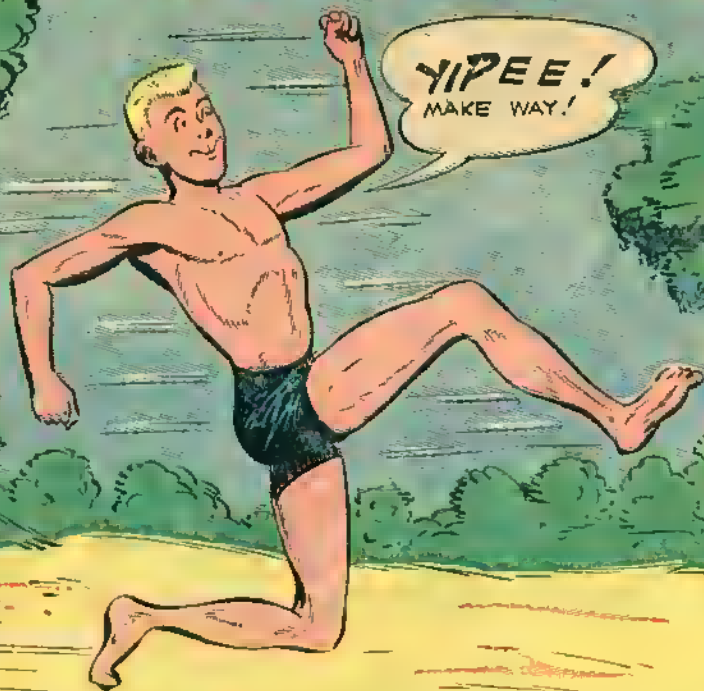
**DANGER
ZONE**



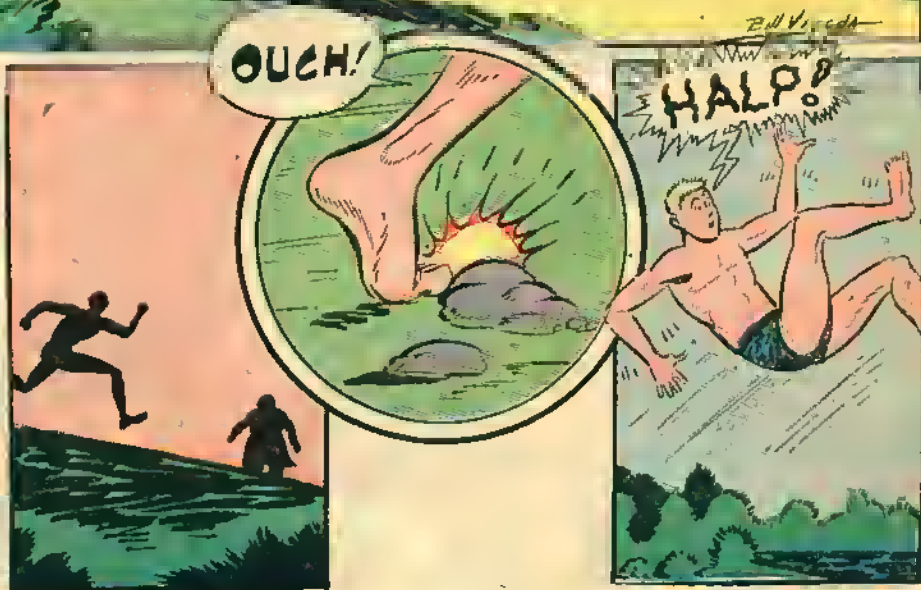
HEH! HEH
THE TROUBLE
THAT KID, ARCHIE
GETS INTO!



WILBUR

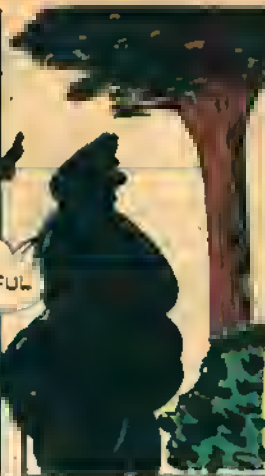


YIPPEE! WILBUR'S IN FLORIDA! HIS FATHER, WHO IS THERE ON A BUSINESS TRIP TOOK HIM ALONG. BUT WILBUR'S GOING TO MAKE IT HIS BUSINESS TO HAVE FUN! AT THE MOMENT HE IS STAYING AT A BOYS CAMP....





MY, WHAT
A BEE-OOtiful
DAY !!



HELP!

ODDS
ER.. SORRY,
MAM....

GLUB
GLUB

YOUNG MAN... YOU
HAD BETTER GO.
WHILE YOU HAVE THE
OPPORTUNITY!!
GGRR...



OW W W..
I CAN'T WALK!
I MAY AS WELL
GO FISHING,
WHERE I CAN
RELAX....
OW W W..

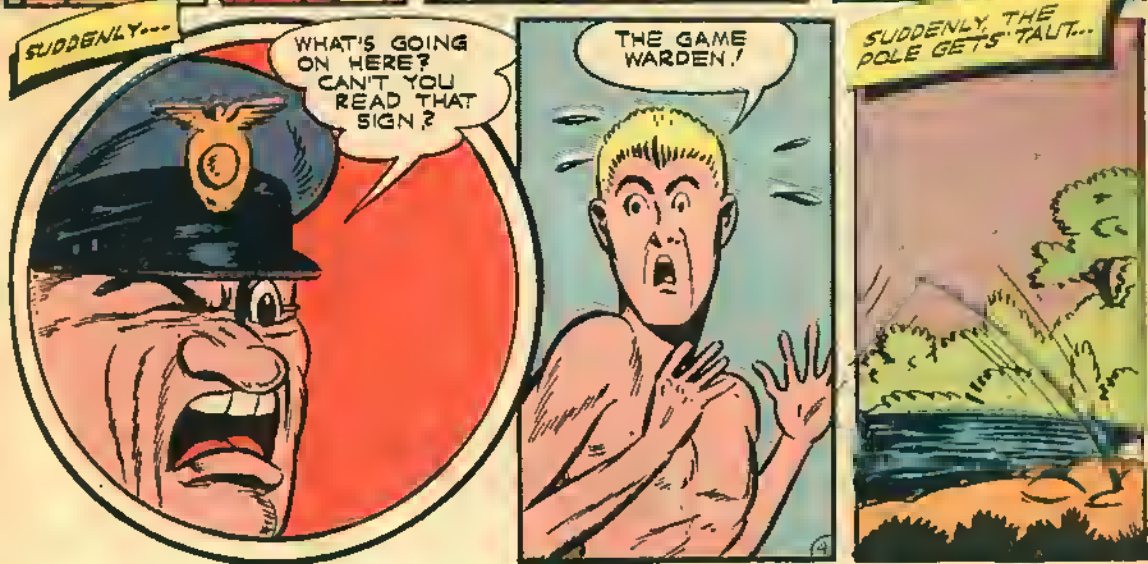
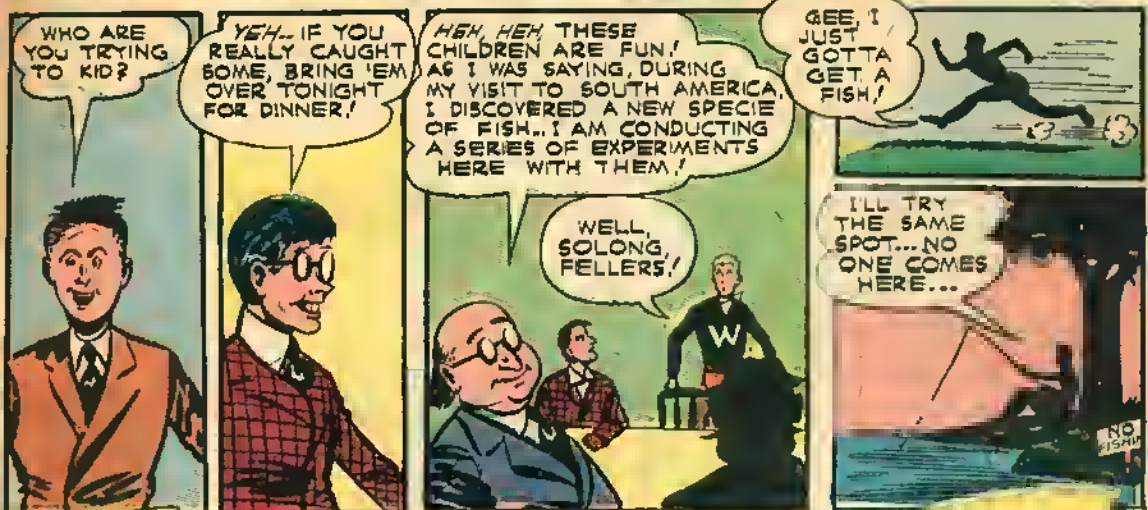
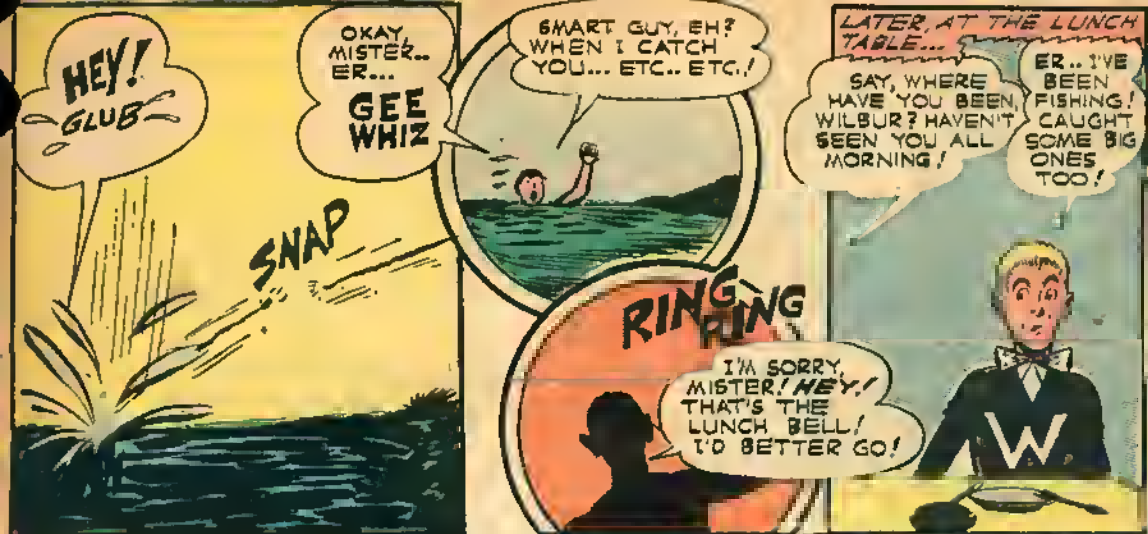


LATER..

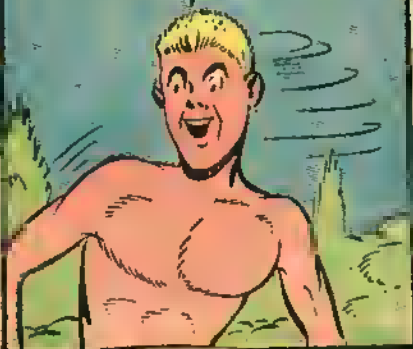
I'LL SURPRISE
THE FELLERS
WITH SOME
BIG ONES!!



THIS LOOKS LIKE
A GOOD SPOT!
NOBODY'S FISHING
HERE!



WOW!
I'VE GOT A
CATCH NOW!



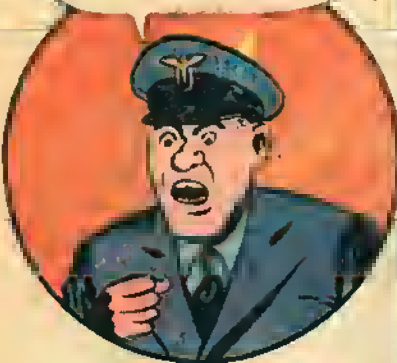
I GOTTA
GET ONE
THIS TIME!



GEE!
THIS MUST BE
A WHOPPEROO!



HEY... WHAT THE...
THE KID'S GOT A
REAL SMACKERAL!



HOLD HIM!
BRING HIM
AROUND TO
THE RIGHT!



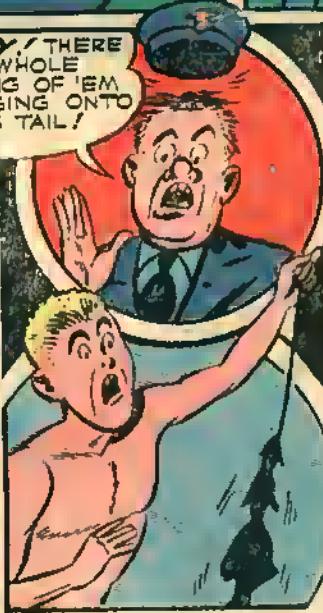
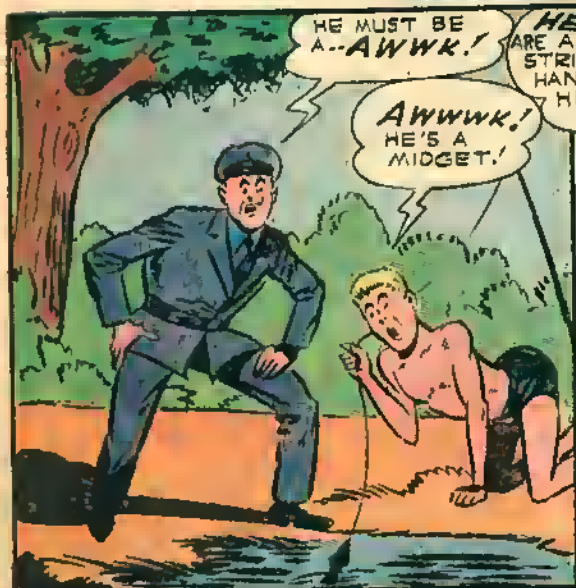
THE RIGHT,
DUMMY! THAT'S
IT! SLOWLY NOW,
S-L-O-W-L-Y...
THAT'S IT...
YOU GOT 'IM!



HE MUST BE
A--AWWK!

AWWWK!
HE'S A
MIDGET!

HEY! THERE
ARE A WHOLE
STRING OF 'EM
HANGING ONTO
HIS TAIL!



REMEMBER NOW,
DON'T TELL A
SOUL THAT I WAS
WITH YOU!

YES,
SIR!



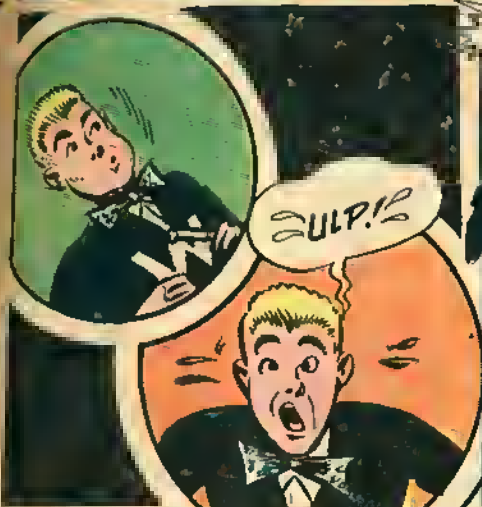
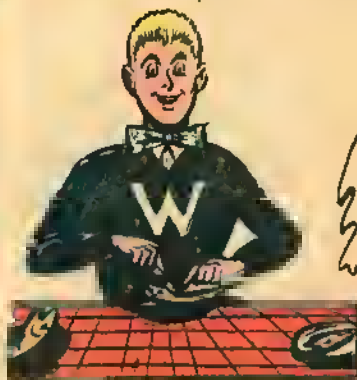
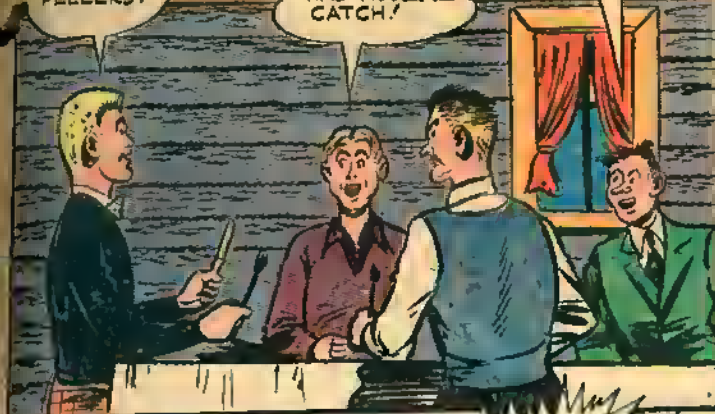
THAT EVENING IN THE CLUB HOUSE...

THE BIGGEST
HAUL I'VE EVER
SEEN!!

OKAY, MEN,
LET'S EAT!

THANKS,
FELLERS!

CONGRATULATIONS,
WILBUR! THAT
WAS A REAL
CATCH!





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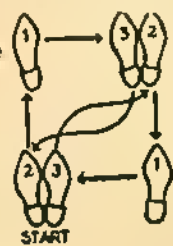
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and all the
family—all
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sweet
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roated with
a
waian scene, in-
struction sheet **FREE!**
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